

THE LOG OF THE



WATER WAGON

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Taylor, B. L.

AUTHOR

Log of the water
wagon

TITLE

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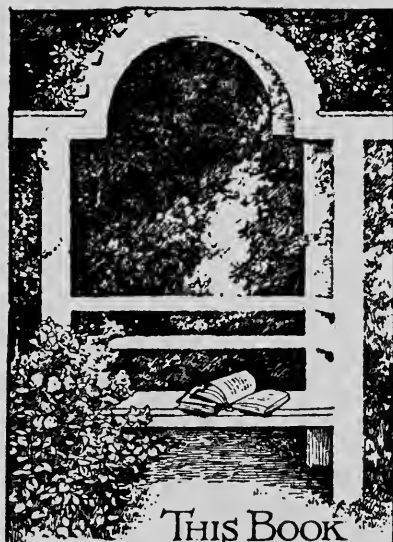
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OF
THE WATER WAGON

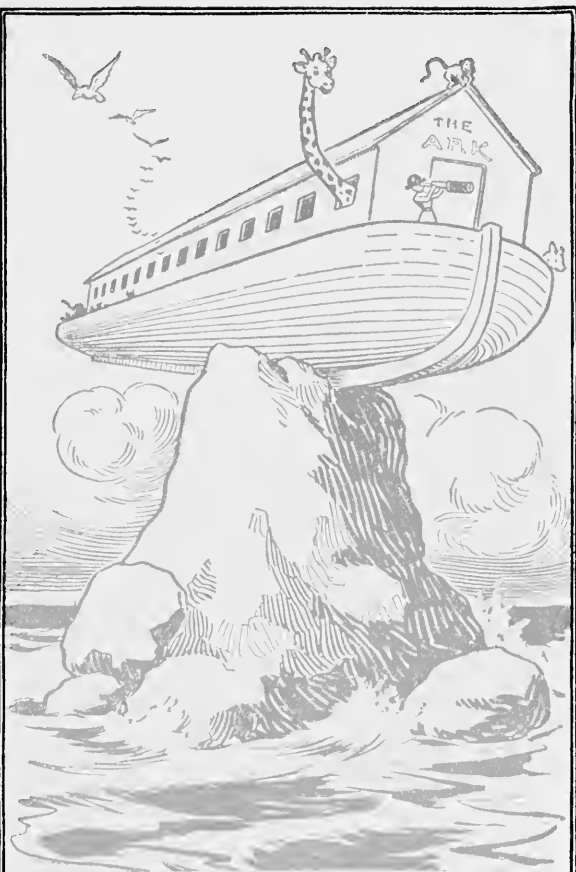


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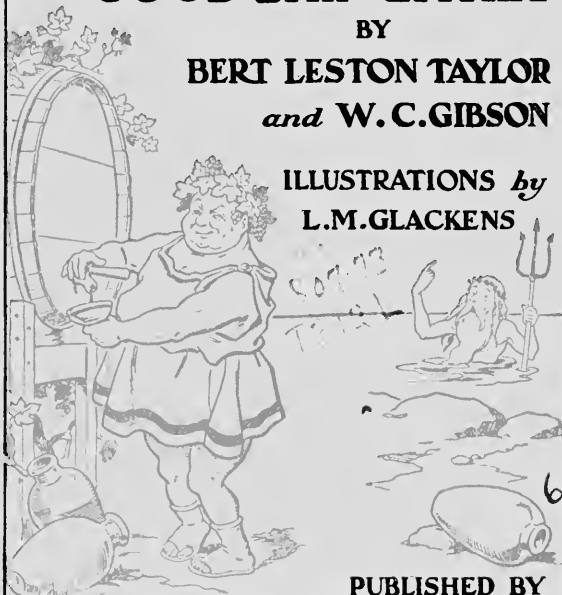
THE ORIGINAL WATER WAGON

THE LOG of
THE WATER WAGON
OR
THE CRUISE OF THE
GOOD SHIP "LITHIA"

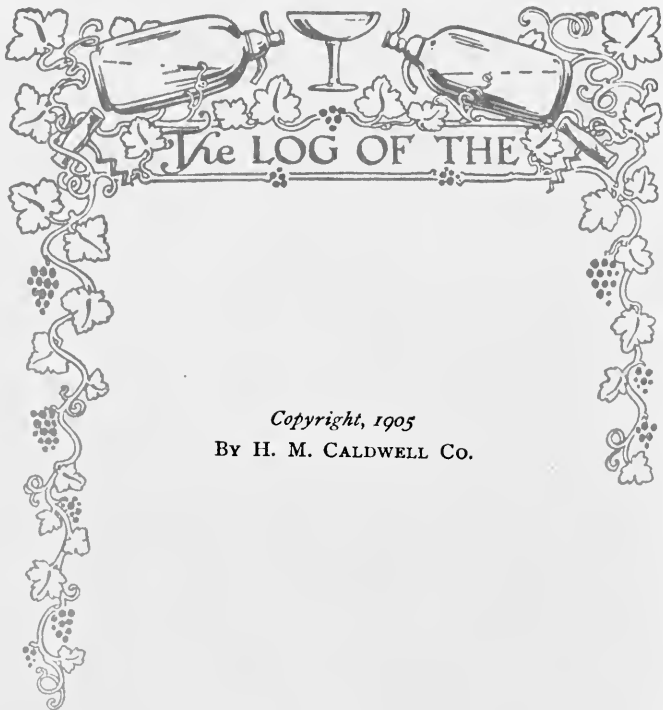
BY

BERT LESTON TAYLOR
and W. C. GIBSON

ILLUSTRATIONS *by*
L. M. GLACKENS



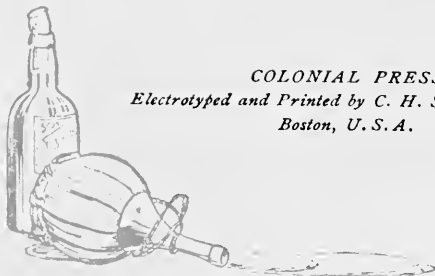
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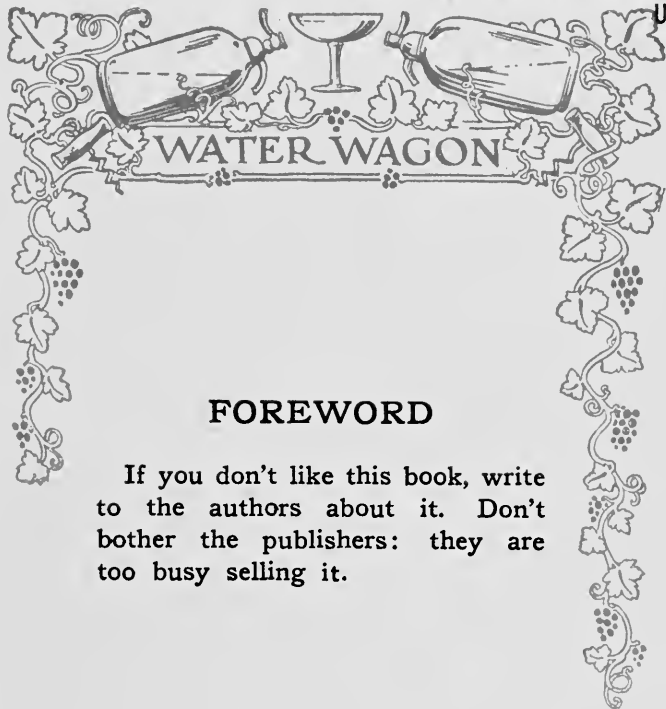


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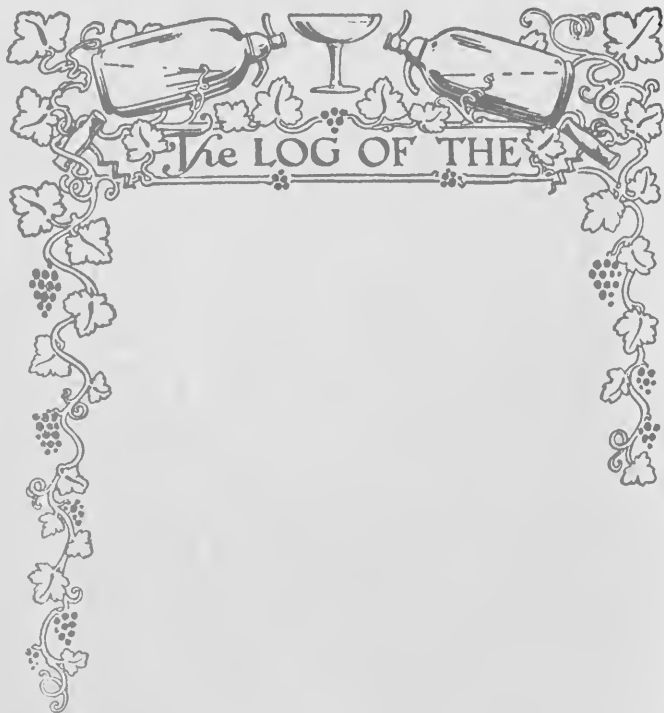


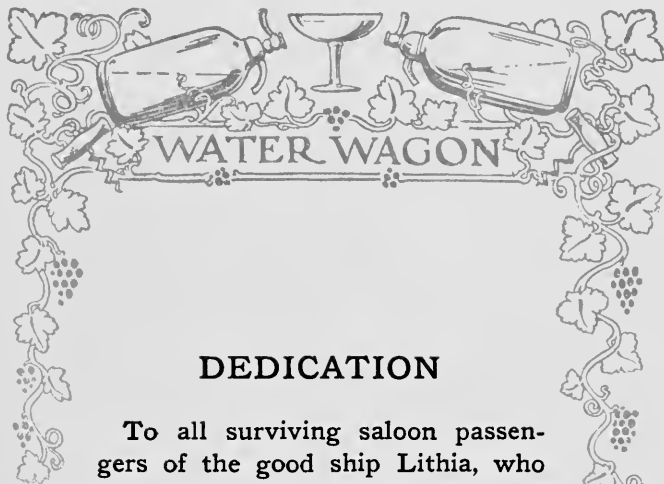
WATER WAGON

FOREWORD

If you don't like this book, write to the authors about it. Don't bother the publishers: they are too busy selling it.

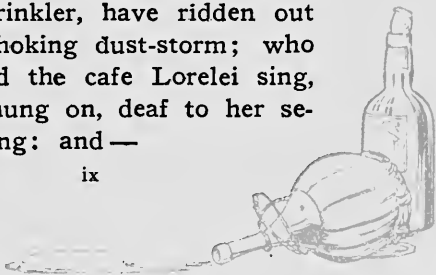






DEDICATION

To all surviving saloon passengers of the good ship *Lithia*, who have rounded the Horn and passed through perilous Beering Straits, and suffered shipwreck, shock, and sudden thirst: to those intrepid souls who have clung to the slippery hull of the *Water Wagon* when it seemed the gallant craft could not live another hour; who, lashed to the sprinkler, have ridden out many a choking dust-storm; who have heard the *cafe Lorelei* sing, and still hung on, deaf to her seductive song: and —



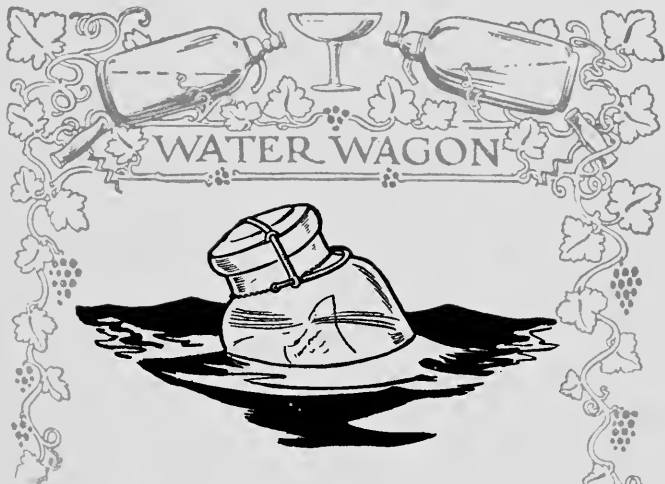


The LOG OF THE

To the memory of countless thousands lost at sea, swept into the seething drink without a word of warning, cut off in the blossoms of their resolutions, and sent to their slate accounts with all their imperfections on their heads—

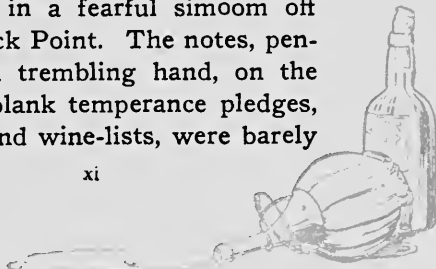
This little volume is affectionately dedicated.





EDITORS' NOTE

The Log of the Water Wagon was compiled from memoranda found in a floating milk-bottle with a patent stopper, flung overboard just before the good ship "Lithia" foundered in a fearful simoom off White Rock Point. The notes, pencilled in a trembling hand, on the backs of blank temperance pledges, I O U's, and wine-lists, were barely





legible, testifying to the fearful condition of the unknown writer's tongue, manifestly incapable of moistening the pencil.

With the notes were enclosed a Water Wagon folder, showing itinerary, rules and regulations, points of interest touched at, etc., a fragment of a clipping from the New York Sun, and sundry moral reflections upon life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The editors have preserved, as far as possible, the spirit and literary style of the Log-keeper, whose identity is an interesting conjecture. His fate, and that of his fellow passengers, is shrouded in mystery.





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FOR OTHER CONTENTS
SEE BODY OF BOOK



St Bruno

THE WATER WAGON DEPARTS.

GOOD SHIP LITHIA HEAVILY LOADED SAILS ON CRUISE.

Fresh from the drydock, glistening in new white paint, her blue streamers snapping in the breeze, loaded to the limit with enthusiastic and babbling passengers, the Water Wagon left last night on another perilous voyage. A tremendous crowd was present to see her off. The surging mass of well-wishers included relatives and friends of the passengers, a large delegation from the International Federation of Mineral Water Bottlers, and representatives from the W. C. T. U., Band of Hope, Never Again League, and other dusty associations.

The farewell presents to the passengers were unusually numerous. These included hot-water bags with "Bon Voyage" hand-painted on them, silver bonbon boxes containing soda mint and lithia tablets, individual cut-glass bromo-seltzer bottles, water lilies, watermelons, and other fruits and flowers.

Just before the hour for sailing happy little speeches were made by the Superintendent of the Water Works, the Commissioner of Irrigation, and the Hon. Bromo S. Emerson, of Baltimore, whose sizzling oratory was received with terrific applause.

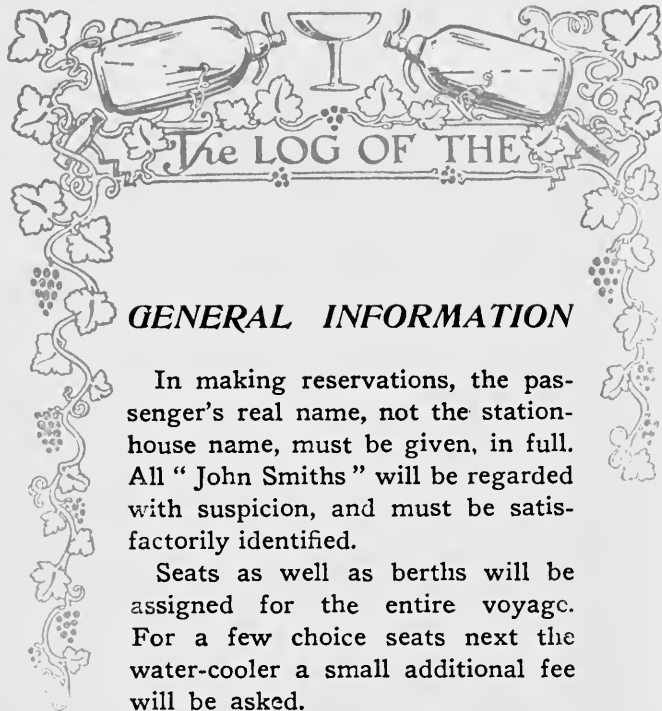
Promptly at midnight a bottle of sarsaparilla was broken on the Lithia's sprinkler, the gang-hose was uncoupled and hauled aboard, and the Water Wagon glided gracefully away from her moorings.

A score or more of belated passengers came straggling down the pier, and finding

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GENERAL INFORMATION

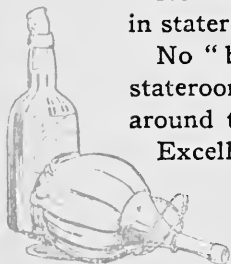
In making reservations, the passenger's real name, not the station-house name, must be given, in full. All "John Smiths" will be regarded with suspicion, and must be satisfactorily identified.

Seats as well as berths will be assigned for the entire voyage. For a few choice seats next the water-cooler a small additional fee will be asked.

No life-preservers will be found in staterooms. Do not ask for them.

No "bundles" will be allowed in staterooms, nor allowed to lie around the decks.

Excellent concerts will be ren-





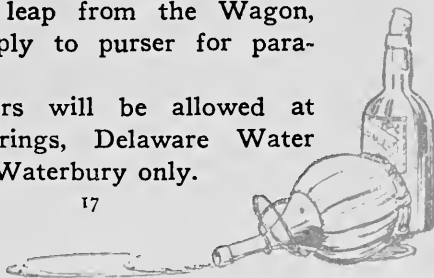
dered every evening in the main saloon by the Band of Hope. A select library will be found in the smoking-room. Water-marked stationery is also at the disposal of all first-class passengers.

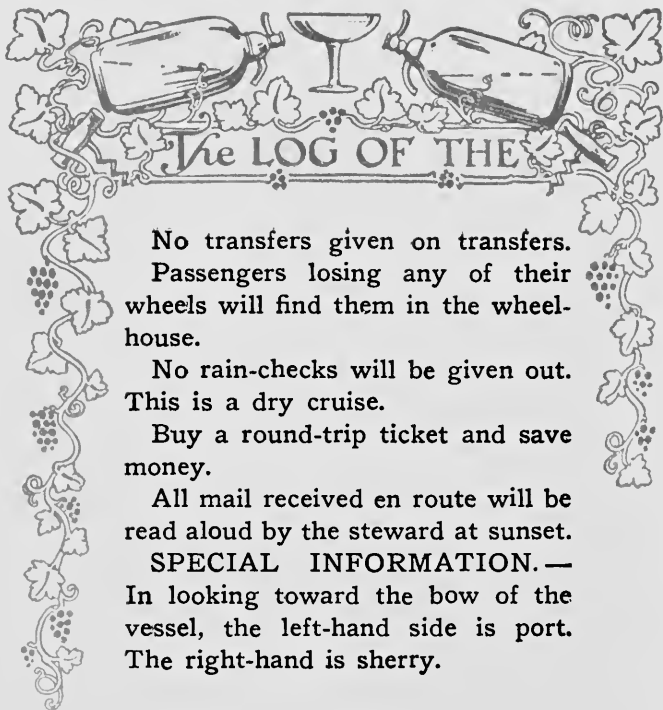
Don't try to get on the Wagon while it is in motion. It is the Captain's business to stop for loads. If he does not stop when flagged, you will know he is full.

When rounding the sharp curve at the Pousse Cafe, passengers are cautioned to hold fast.

Passengers feeling their anchors dragging, and seized with a sudden desire to leap from the Wagon, should apply to purser for parachutes.

Stop-overs will be allowed at Vichy Springs, Delaware Water Gap, and Waterbury only.





The LOG OF THE

No transfers given on transfers.
Passengers losing any of their
wheels will find them in the wheel-
house.

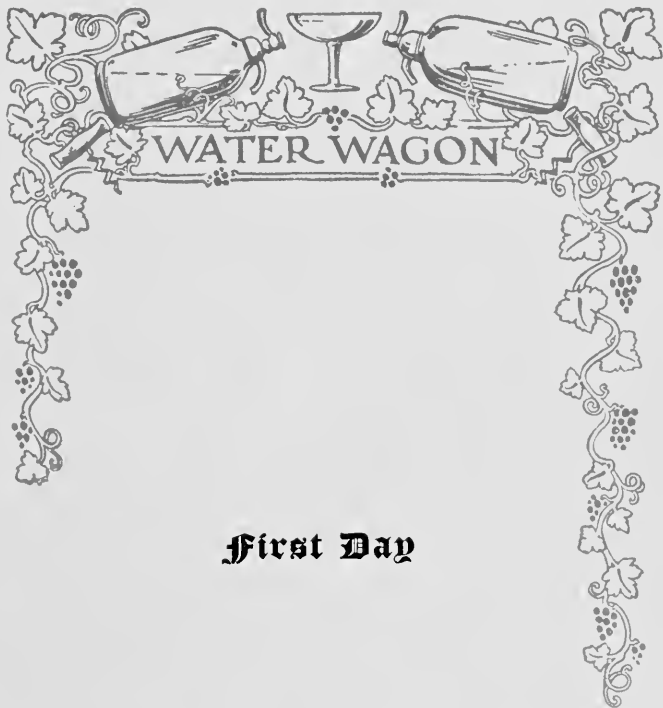
No rain-checks will be given out.
This is a dry cruise.

Buy a round-trip ticket and save
money.

All mail received en route will be
read aloud by the steward at sunset.

SPECIAL INFORMATION.—
In looking toward the bow of the
vessel, the left-hand side is port.
The right-hand is sherry.





First Day





Hitch your wagon to a star. If
it's the Water Wagon, tie it to the
Great Dipper. — Emerson.



I often wonder where the old moons
go

After they once get full and dis-
appear.

Do they, I wonder, pilot to and fro
The men who 'quit the Wagon
year by year?

— Copernicus.





LOG

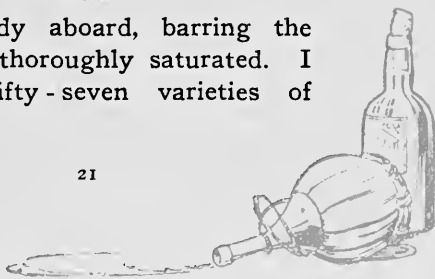
First Day

NOTE.—The writer of this record, being the only sober passenger aboard the Good Ship "Lithia," has been requested by the Captain to keep the Log. The Captain kindly explains that a log is a thing in which you put down the daily occurrences on board ship. I have kept a dog, and a valet, and a thirst, and other things, but a log is sure a new proposition. But, dash my tarry toplights, here goes. Avast there, my hearties! Yeo-heave-ho! Yo-ho!

At midnight we left the Bar, and got under way, with a big tide and the wind souse-souse-east and piping free.



Everybody aboard, barring the writer, is thoroughly saturated. I counted fifty - seven varieties of pickle.





LOG

First Day

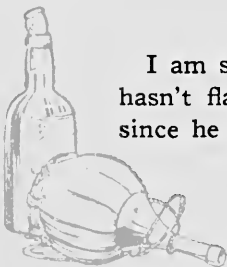
Later. — It seems I was mistaken about having left the Bar. The Captain announces through the ventilator that he is stuck on the Bar. Loud cheers from the passengers, and cries of, "So say we all of us!"



Lightened ship by throwing overboard two bales of temperance pledges and ten cases of sarsaparilla. The Captain announces that we are off the Bar. Groans.



I am suspicious of the pilot. He hasn't flashed a single pilot-biscuit since he came aboard.





LOG

First Day

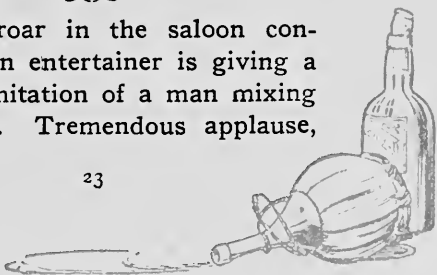
The Lithia is reeling off eight knots an hour. Wind still souse-souse-east and piping free. Weather so-so.



The passengers, misled by the name, are in the saloon, calling loudly for drinks and hammering on the tables. The Captain announces through the ventilator that he will turn the hose on them. Cheers, and cries of "Louder!"



The uproar in the saloon continues. An entertainer is giving a realistic imitation of a man mixing a cocktail. Tremendous applause,





LOG

First Day

and shouts of "Great, old man!"
A young water curate has volunteered to go among the noisy pirates and try to soothe them.



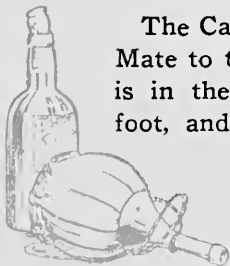
Later. — The water curate has been thrown down the companion-way.



Loud splash on the starboard side.
We have dropped the pilot.



The Captain has ordered the First Mate to take the wheel. The Mate is in the saloon, bound hand and foot, and the passengers are sing-





LOG

First Day

ing "How Can I Bear to Leave Thee." The Lithia is going around in a circle.



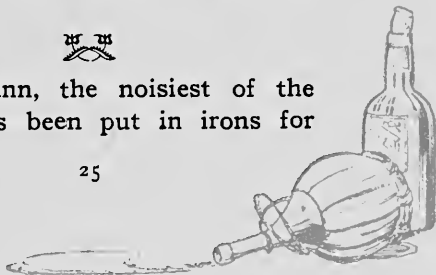
The Mate has been rescued, and has laid a course for Carbonic Light. I asked him if a mate's wife is called a room-mate. He said he didn't know, but the midshipmite.



The Captain has just taken soundings, but reports that he can't hear a thing. So much noise in the saloon.



Tom Ginn, the noisiest of the bunch, has been put in irons for





L O G

First Day

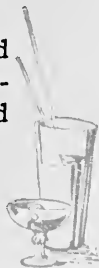
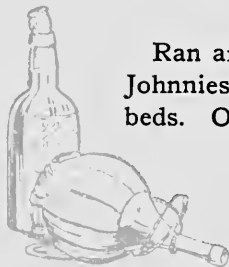
demanding an old-fashioned cocktail and inciting the passengers to mutiny. The clanking of his chains is having a quieting effect on the other pirates.



3 A. M. — Passed the trim little craft Coryphee, homeward bound, loaded with lobsters and champagne. Wigwagged to her that her star-board light was out and that her hair was coming down. She signalled back, "On your way."



Ran afoul of a fleet of full-rigged Johnnies, stuck on Shanley's oyster-beds. Offered to take them aboard





LOG

First Day

the Wagon, but they vociferously refused. Said they'd just got off one.



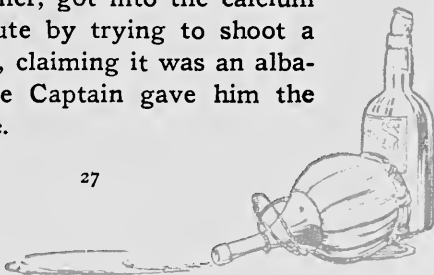
The Captain took the Sun as soon as it came out, and reported that we were a hell of a way from the Equator.



Passed a ragtime whistling buoy.



Hennessy Martel, an amateur Ancient Mariner, got into the calcium for a minute by trying to shoot a nighthawk, claiming it was an albatross. The Captain gave him the water cure.





LOG

First Day

Spoke a tramp tank steamer, Red
Booze Line, Captain Handout.
"Ahoy! What ship is that?" hailed
Captain Handout. "The Water
Wagon," I replied through the Cap-
tain's megaphone. "Keep off!" he
yelled, and crowded on all sail.



Shipped a heavy swell rolling in
from the Faro Banks.



Eight bells and all's well.

Here endeth the first day of the cruise.





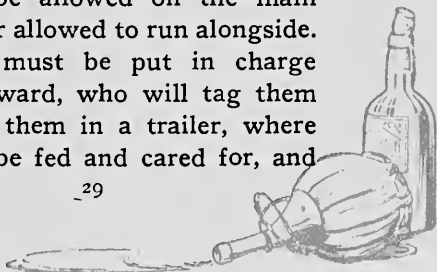
BAGGAGE REGULATIONS

Each full ticket entitles passenger to one load. A load and a hang-over will be charged as excess baggage.

All baggage must be checked by our regular inspector before departure. Contraband baggage, such as bottled cocktails, case goods, whiskey capsules, brandied cherries, etc., will be confiscated.

ANIMALS, BIRDS, AND OTHER PETS will not be allowed on the main wagon, nor allowed to run alongside.

All such must be put in charge of the steward, who will tag them and place them in a trailer, where they will be fed and cared for, and



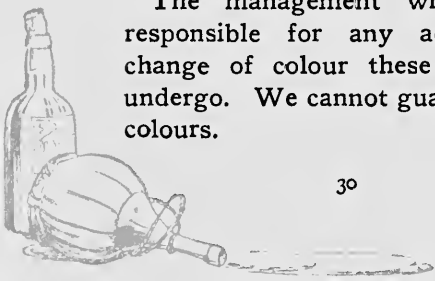


permitted to drink out of the trough of the sea.

All animals will be returned to owners at end of voyage; or, if desired, the steward will send them to any designated circus or menagerie.

No passenger will be allowed more than three purple monkeys or two dozen red, white, and blue snakes. No magenta elephant weighing more than twenty tons will be received in the trailer, as the accommodations are limited. No mastodons of any colour will be accepted.

The management will not be responsible for any accident or change of colour these pets may undergo. We cannot guarantee fast colours.





WATER WAGON

Striped mice, polka-dot lizards,
Scotch-plaid guinea-pigs, and other
small animals, and all perishable
buggage, will be carried at owner's
risk.





THE WATER WAGON BAND

Every evening in the main saloon,
from 8 to 10, our own Band of Hope
will discourse the following musical
favourites:

“Drink to Me Only with Thine
Eyes.”

“Wait for the Wagon.”

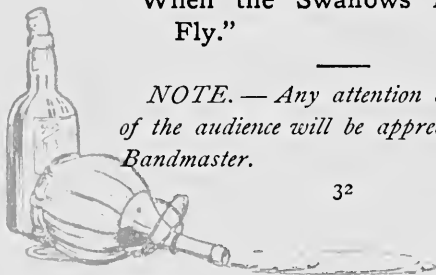
“The Old Oaken Bucket.”

“Father, Dear Father.”

“Down by the River.”

“When the Swallows Homeward
Fly.”

*NOTE. — Any attention on the part
of the audience will be appreciated by the
Bandmaster.*

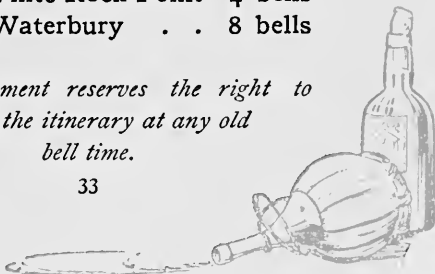




SHIP'S ITINERARY

Leave the Bar	8 bells
Pass Rye Beach	6 bells
Off the Faro Banks	3 bells
Near High Ballston Spa	4 bells
Arrive Vichy Springs	7 bells
Weather Cape Casegoods	2 bells
Nearing Prohibition Park	8 bells
Arrive Delaware Water Gap	1 bell
Pass Croton Reservoir	5 bells
Round Apollinaris Bot- tling Works	6 bells
Weather White Rock Point	4 bells
Arrive at Waterbury	8 bells

*The management reserves the right to
change the itinerary at any old
bell time.*





The LOG OF THE

NUTT

The Square Hatter

132 1-2 WATER STREET

Big Heads
My Specialty

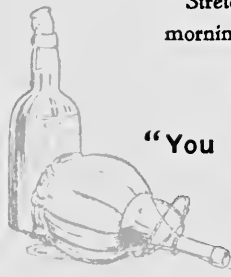
Any Size
Head Fitted

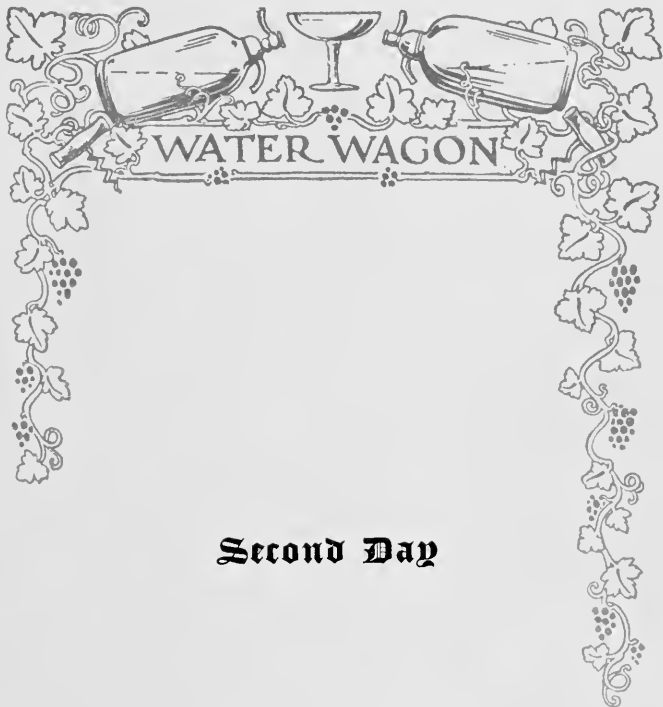
Ask to see my Adjustable, Telescopic Noiseless Hats. (*Patent Pending.*) Just the thing for the Water Wagon. No springs or metal used. Will expand or contract as conditions require. Space in sweat-band for cracked ice. Money refunded if we don't make good.

Stretching done at your own home the morning after.

Telephone, Derby 8 3-4

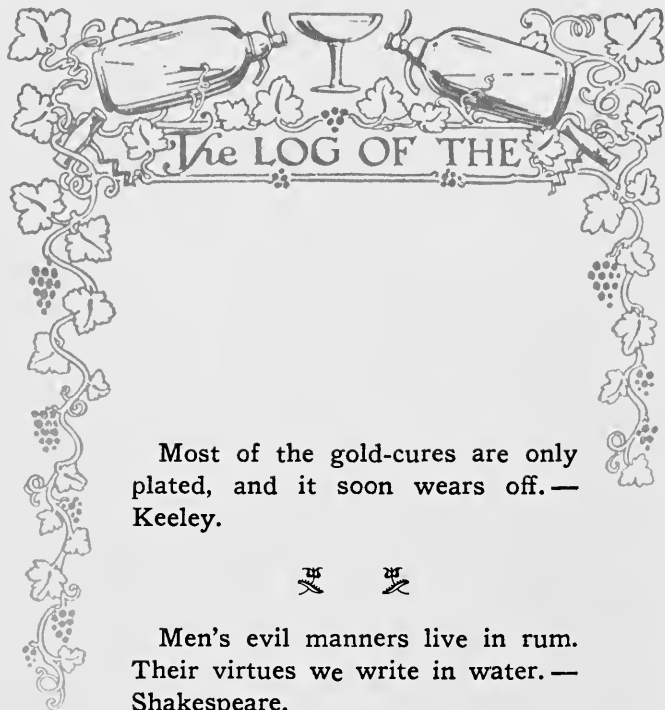
"You get the Head, and we'll
put a Lid on it"



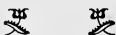


Second Day





Most of the gold-cures are only
plated, and it soon wears off.—
Keeley.



Men's evil manners live in rum.
Their virtues we write in water.—
Shakespeare.





LOG

Second Day

The morning opened on a full house, and everybody stayed—in bed. Barometer throbbing feverishly, indicating a long dry spell.



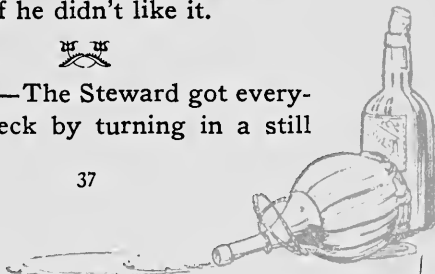
The breakfast-gong was sounded by the Steward, but not a soul made a move. Cries of "Lynch him!" from the staterooms.



The Captain has been looking over the Log, and says I keep it like a butcher's book. I told him to keep it himself if he didn't like it.



11 A. M.—The Steward got everybody on deck by turning in a still





LOG

Second Day

alarm that the next round was on the house. The push dressed like a commuter making the 8.13 train. Everybody voted it a dirty trick.



11.30 A. M. — Tied up at Water Tank No. 1, and took on fifty cases of lemon soda and sarsaparilla, and a case of malted milk for Moxie Matzoon, alias Moxie Grandpa, — a stowaway, who was discovered soon after we cleared the Bar. He is suspected of being the staff correspondent of the Weekly Water Cooler. He doesn't seem to be popular.



12.30 P. M. — The Captain took





LOG

Second Day

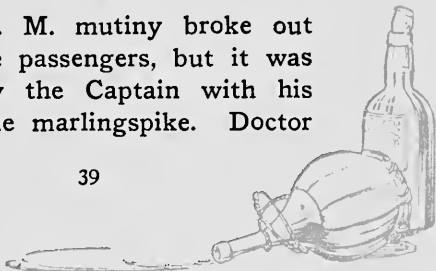
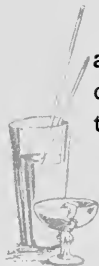
a lunar observation, and reported that we were in latitude 58:12 W. from Greenwich, Conn. I asked him how he managed to observe the moon in the middle of the day, and he referred me to the Information Bureau. Crusty old chap.



Whale sighted. He was blowing his friends. Cheers from the water-proof deck, and cries of "I'll take the same!"



At 3 P. M. mutiny broke out among the passengers, but it was quelled by the Captain with his trusty little marlingspike. Doctor





LOG

Second Day

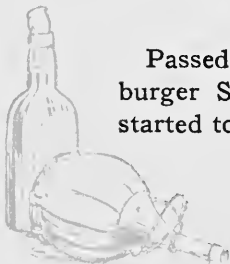
Zoolak, the ship's surgeon, diagnosed the case as thirst, not mutiny.



The undertow of dissatisfaction among the passengers continues. Hennessy Martel called a mass-meeting on the port side, and the Wagon almost turned turtle. "Trim ship!" commanded the Captain from the bridge, and Eggley Monade, who is a regular wag, asked him if he thought we were a bunch of dressmakers.



Passed the Can Buoy on Wurzburger Shoals. Some of the boys started to rush it.





LOG

Second Day

Loan sharks have been following the Lithia all day. The Mate says this is a sign that there's a dead one on board. Jim Sling says there will be one, all right, if he doesn't fall off pretty soon. Jim is a sore pup.



Just before 6 P. M. the Lithia sprung a leak, and we lost considerable water. Something has also happened to the hydraulic engines, and the Captain has given orders to let go the dope-sheet.



A round-robin has been sent to the Captain, requesting him to touch





LOG

Second Day

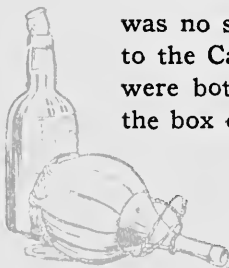
at the Aquarium, for a look at the tanks.



The crew held a First Aid to the Foolish drill, and were instructed what to do in case a passenger attempts to fall off the Wagon.



Guinness Stout and the Count of Maraschino had a hot argument over the meaning of "load water line," the Count maintaining that there was no such thing. They appealed to the Captain, who told them they were both wrong, and that A wins the box of fudge.





LOG

Second Day

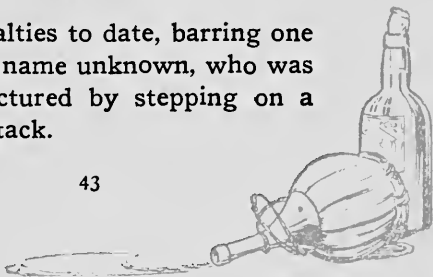
The water-cooler has been emptied four times since noon, and the boys are now eating the ice. The Captain has put everybody on quarter rations, and the Steward is serving cracked ice in capsules, only one to a customer.



Tom Ginn has again been put in irons for demanding an Angora pousse cafe.



No casualties to date, barring one passenger, name unknown, who was badly punctured by stepping on a starboard tack.





LOG

Second Day

Shortly before midnight a mix-up of red and green lights off the weather bow had the Captain going for a minute. It turned out to be a cut-rate drug-store.



12 P. M. — The decks were swabbed with Apollinaris; the Ingersol night-watch was wound up, the cat put out and the back door locked, and peace brooded over the waters.

Here endeth the second day of the cruise.

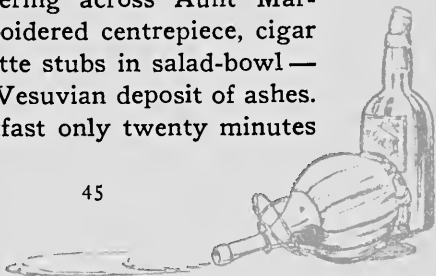




THE WIFE'S MORNING AFTER

He — "The boys had a rattling time at our house last night."

She — (surveying the mess) — "Empty beer-bottles, nearly empty whiskey-bottle, half-empty glasses, empty siphons, distorted corks, fragments of sandwiches, remnants of cheese, crumbled crackers, fugitive olive - pits, beer - stained doilies, stream from recumbent catsup-bottle meandering across Aunt Martha's embroidered centrepiece, cigar and cigarette stubs in salad-bowl — over all a Vesuvian deposit of ashes. And breakfast only twenty minutes away!"

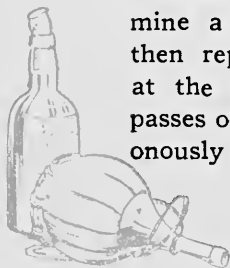




FIRST AID TO THE INJURED

In case of a fall from the Water Wagon, prompt action will often save the victim.

While the life-line is being cast and the breeches-buoy rigged, lay the sufferer on his back and spray him thoroughly with a siphon of carbonic until signs of consciousness appear. In the majority of cases his first words will be: "Make mine a rye highball." You will then repeat the siphon treatment, at the same time making a few passes over him and reciting monotonously in his ear: "Water, water

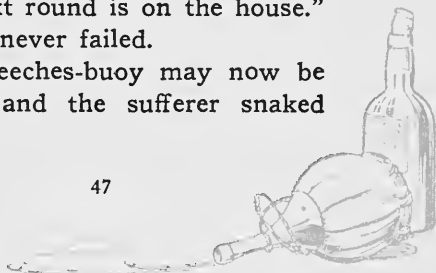




everywhere, and not a drop to drink."

Usually this will produce a condition in which the breeches-buoy can be quickly adjusted and the sufferer hauled back on the Wagon. If it fails, work his arms up and down like pump-handles, and exclaim in threatening tones: "Your wife is coming back on the 5.03 train." If his eyes remain glazed and his struggles continue, add harshly: "She telegraphs that Mother is coming with her." Complete coma should result. If not, it can be induced by tactfully whispering: "The next round is on the house." This has never failed.

The breeches-buoy may now be attached and the sufferer snaked





aboard the Wagon and lashed to the tank.

During his convalescence a friend should be constantly at his side, reading to him the history of the Johnstown flood. A single chapter has worked wonders.

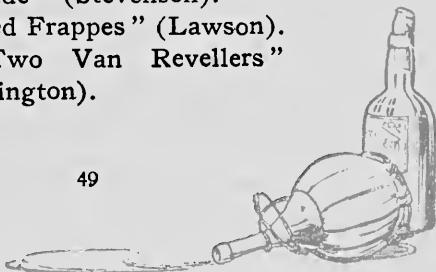




THE WATER WAGON LIBRARY

The following carefully selected list of Books may be had by applying to any of the deck-hands. They need not be returned.

- "D'ri and I" (Batcheller).
- "Many Waters" (Shackleford).
- "The Desert" (White).
- "Many Cargoes" (Jacobs).
- "The Water Babies" (Kingsley).
- "Ebb Tide" (Stevenson).
- "Frenzied Frappes" (Lawson).
- "The Two Van Revellers"
(Tankington).





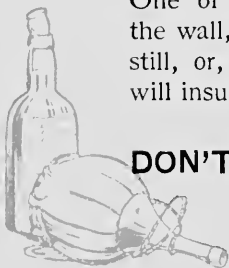
Stop that Merry - Go - Round!!

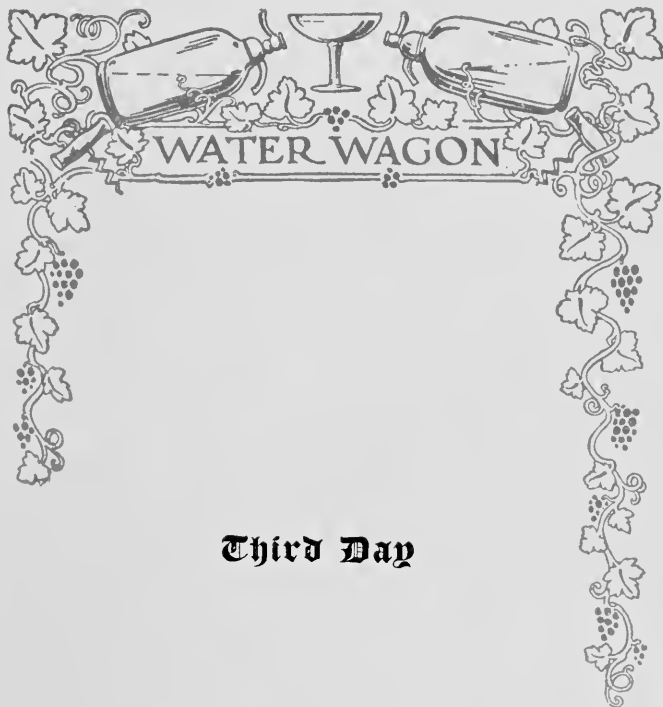
Do things revolve when you retire? Does your room whirl like a fly-wheel in a power-house? Does your trunk go by like the Twentieth Century Limited? Do you feel as if you were looping the loop? If so, you can flag the merry-go-round with one of

Professor Bunn's Patent Plugs for Pifflicated People

One of these, inserted anywhere in the wall, will bring things to a stand-still, or, put in place before retiring, will insure a quiet night's rest.

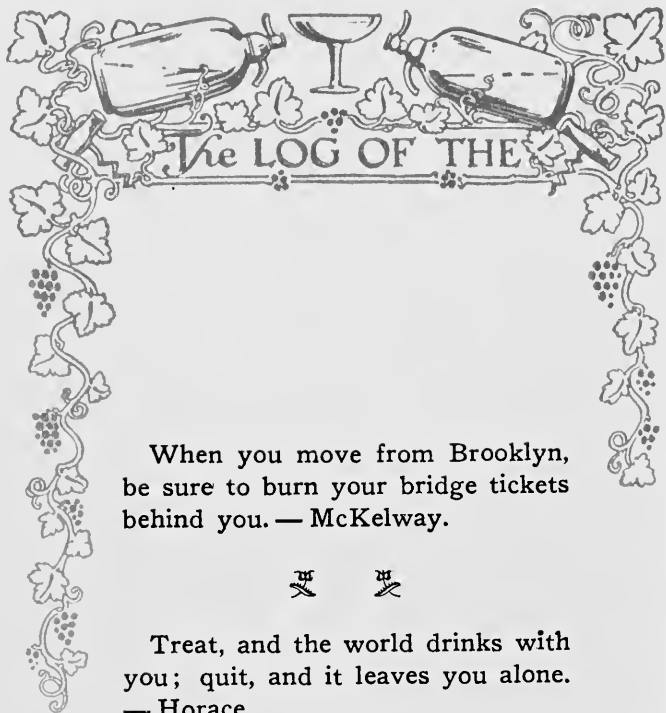
DON'T SLEEP LIKE A TOP!



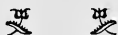


Third Day

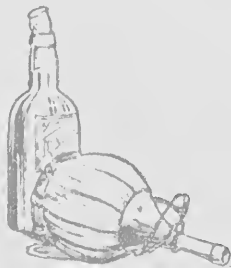




When you move from Brooklyn,
be sure to burn your bridge tickets
behind you. — McKelway.



Treat, and the world drinks with
you; quit, and it leaves you alone.
— Horace.





LOG

Third Day

The morning opened clear and extra dry. Big head winds. The Mate tried to take the Sun, but the sky was cloudy, so he took the Tribune.



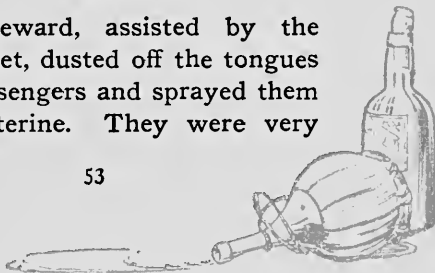
Barometer extra brut. Wind S. W. and scorching.



The saloon sounds like a dog-show. Everybody has a dry, hacking cough.



The Steward, assisted by the Ship's Valet, dusted off the tongues of the passengers and sprayed them with Blisterine. They were very





LOG

Third Day

grateful, and a collection has been taken up to purchase a loving-cup for him.



Spoke the brewery barge Budweiser, outward bound, Captain Umlaut. The Budweiser fired a salute of four dozen bottles, not one of which, unfortunately, reached the Lithia's deck. In a heroic effort to rescue a bottle, Tom Collins fell overboard. He was picked up by a fishing party, and when last seen was eating the bait.



A blood-curdling screech has come up through the ventilator, and the





LOG

Third Day

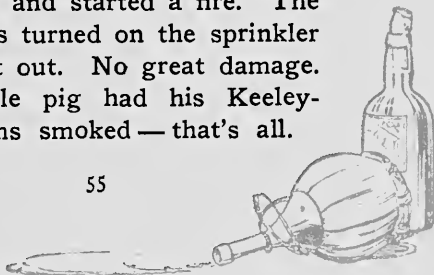
Captain has gone below with a marlingspike.



Later. — The Captain has returned. It seems that the Valet scorched Hennessy Martel's tongue trying to iron the wrinkles out of it. The rest of us have decided on dry massage for ours.



The Scotch-plaid guinea-pig threw a lighted cigarette in some straw in the trailer and started a fire. The deck-hands turned on the sprinkler and put it out. No great damage. The purple pig had his Keeley-cured hams smoked — that's all.





LOG

Third Day

Hennessy Martel has got himself disliked by nailing up in the dining-cabin the following teasing dinner-card:

Cocktails

Grapefruit soused with maraschino

Consomme with sherry

Fried skate

Soused mackerel

Croute of pineapple with Madeira sauce

Leg of lamb, mint julep sauce

Roast ham, champagne sauce

Artillery punch

Venison, port wine sauce

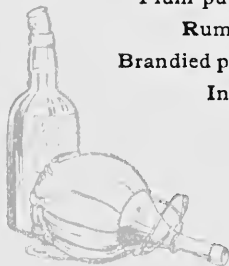
Plum pudding with lots of brandy sauce

Rum omelette

Buns

Brandied peaches Black coffee with cognac

Individual Turkish bath





LOG

Third Day

At 3 P. M. we made Water Tank No. 2. Catcalls and groans from all on board.



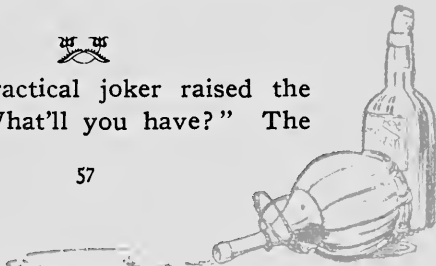
Passed the Spit Buoy. Nobody could.



Turner Van Newleaf, one of the most popular of the passengers, was suddenly taken with water on the brain. Doctor Zoolak bled him, soaked him, and pulled his leg. Poor Van Newleaf was compelled to borrow enough money to finish the cruise.



Some practical joker raised the cry of "What'll you have?" The





LOG

Third Day

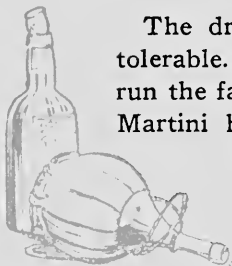
panic that followed made a football mix-up look like a procession of choir-boys, and a dozen or more passengers were lost from the Wagon. Among those that fell were Jim Rickey and Guinness Stout.



5 P. M. — Sighted the Players' Club. The Captain gave the Engineer the jingle-bell, and we went by the danger-point like a squirt of seltzer.



The drouth in the saloon is intolerable. The dry batteries that run the fans have given out. Count Martini has tossed his waterproof





LOG

Third Day

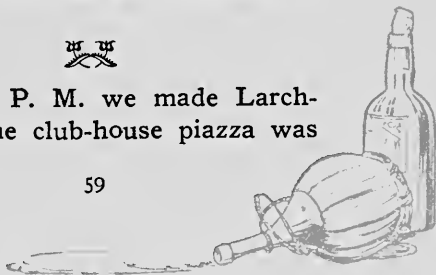
coat over the rail. He says there is such a thing as being too dry. The sentiment was wildly applauded.



Eggley Monade has been going around asking the conundrum, "Why is a port-hole like a chaser?" Everybody gave it up, and he borrowed the Captain's megaphone to reply, "Because it's something on the side." The Mate put a crimp in him with a belaying-pin, and Doctor Zoolak thinks that will hold him for awhile.



At 5.30 P. M. we made Larchmont. The club-house piazza was





LOG

Third Day

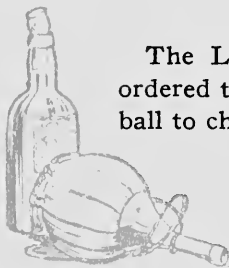
crowded with gold braid, yachting-caps, and booze. Wigwagged that we were the Good Ship Lithia, and they signalled back, "Look out for floating mines." Most of the club members grabbed their drinks and fled to the cyclone cellars, but the daredevils of the rocking-chair fleet sat tight and jeered at us.



The Lithia's decks have been cleared for action.



The Larchmont Commodore has ordered the club torpedo-boat High-ball to charge the Lithia (to him).





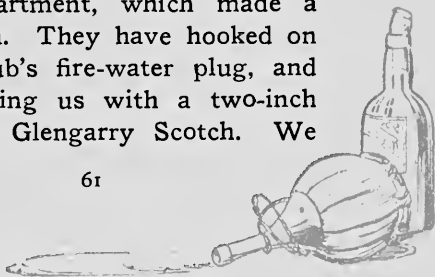
LOG

Third Day

Our Captain, alive to the critical situation, has jammed the wheel hard over and given the enemy a broadside of lithia tablets. The Highball has reversed her engines and is heading for the dry-dock. Her hull looks like a half-portion of Swiss cheese.



The Larchmont Commodore wirelessed to the Millionaire Volunteer Fire Department, which made a record run. They have hooked on to the club's fire-water plug, and are battering us with a two-inch stream of Glengarry Scotch. We





L O G

Third Day

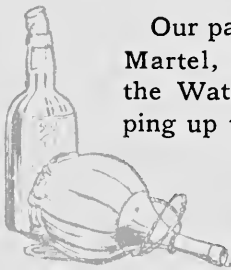
have replied with our starboard battery of bromo-seltzer and a fleet of Whiteheads loaded with strawberry pop.



The Fire Department has uncoupled, and hooked on to a tank of club cocktails. The deadly stream is burning off the Lithia's paint.



Our passengers, led by Hennessy Martel, demand the surrender of the Water Wagon. They are lapping up the decks.





LOG

Third Day

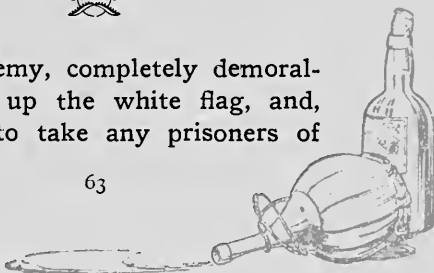
The mutineers have been driven below, and the hatches cotton-battened down.

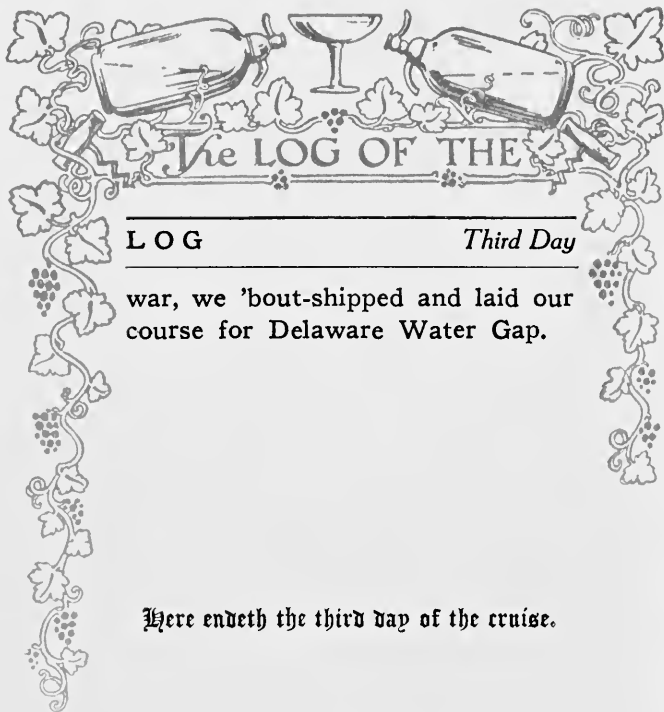


Our gallant Captain looped the Santiago loop and is raking the enemy fore and aft with withering broadsides of moxie. Some of the stuff got into the drinks of the rocking-chair fleet on the club-house piazza, and the loss of life was appalling.



The enemy, completely demoralized, ran up the white flag, and, scorning to take any prisoners of





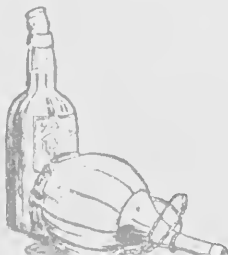
The LOG OF THE

LOG

Third Day

war, we 'bout-shipped and laid our
course for Delaware Water Gap.

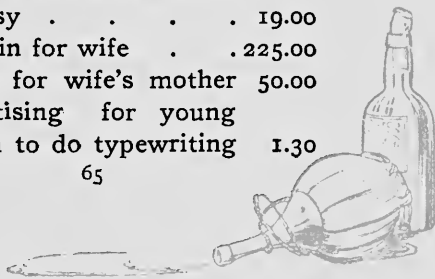
Here endeth the third day of the cruise.





AN EXPERIENCE TABLE

March 4. Advertising for girl to do typewriting .	\$ 1.30
9. Violets for typewriter .	.50
13. Week's salary, typewriter	10.00
16. Roses for typewriter .	2.00
20. Miss Remington's salary	15.00
20. Candy for wife and chil- dren over Sunday .	.60
22. Box of bonbons for Miss Remington	4.00
26. Lunch with Miss Reming- ton	5.75
27. Daisy's salary	20.00
29. Theatre and supper with Daisy	19.00
30. Sealskin for wife . .	.225.00
30. Dress for wife's mother	50.00
30. Advertising for young man to do typewriting	1.30







Revolution



"AT LIBERTY"

Miss Tottie Van Tootles is curvy
and chic;

She sings in "The Prince and the
Toad."

Her wage in the city is twenty per
week,

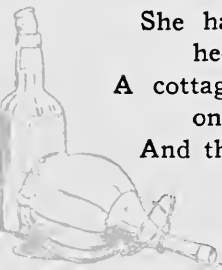
Twenty-five when she goes on the
road.

Miss Tottie Van Tootles is hand-
somely gowned;

She has a French maid at her
heels,

A cottage at Larchmont, a yacht
on the Sound,

And three or four automobiles.





Miss Tottie Van Tootles has published a card

To say she's "At Liberty" now,
Which envious persons are pleased
to regard

As the certain result of a row.

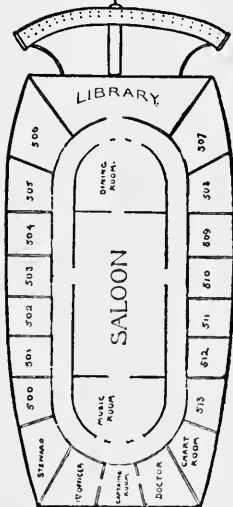
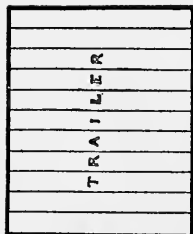
With whom? Why, I really can't
say. I don't know

The details of Miss Tottie's
young life;

But 'tis whispered, I hear (not
above, but below),

That an angel has taken a wife.





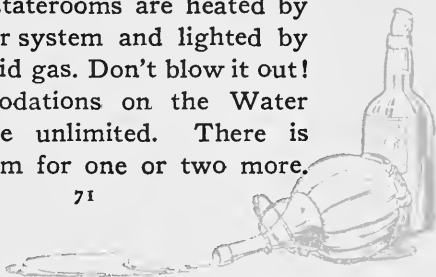
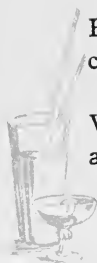


A WORD ABOUT THE WAGON

The Water Wagon is a ball-bearing, clipper-built craft of the whale-back type, designed by Mac Nesia, and built in Bath, Me. She draws more water than a yacht-club bar-keep, and her water-line is eighteen glasses and a pony, with plenty of hang-over. The Water Wagon is equipped with Saratoga springs, which ensure a minimum of jolt, and a complete battery of hydraulic dust-pumps.

All the staterooms are heated by Hot Copper system and lighted by carbonic acid gas. Don't blow it out!

Accommodations on the Water Wagon are unlimited. There is always room for one or two more.





The LOG OF THE

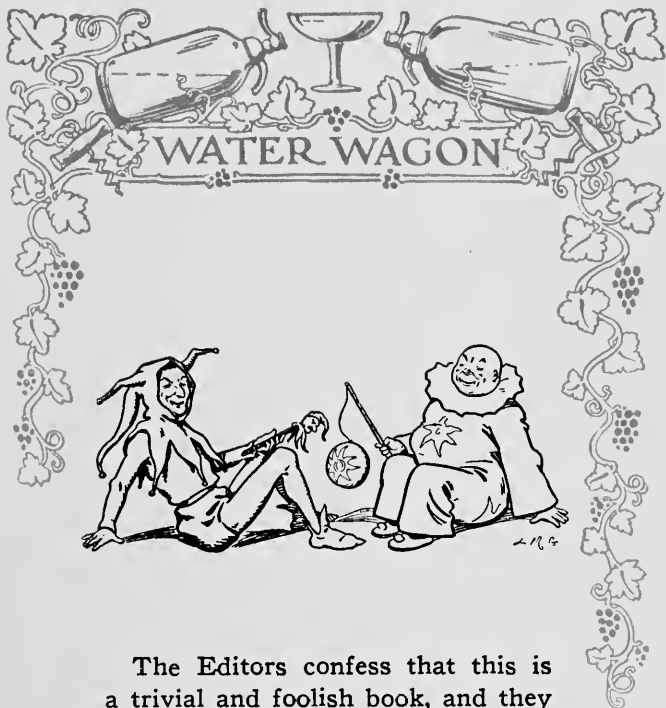
WATER WAGON MENU

*(Breakfast, Dinner, and Supper, and
Midnight Snack)*

Ammonia cocktail
Seedless grapenuts Shredded wild oats
Henniker County hand-picked eggs
 (all flavors)
Evaporated Welsh Rabbit
 (stuffed with raisins)
Cold tomares
Red, white and blue Saratoga chips
 H₂O Punch
Sliced golf balls with mashie potatoes
Boneless blanc-mange
 Cracked lemon ice
Predigested pitless prunes
 ("Three P" brand)
Dent's well water crackers

All water served on our tables is
kept absolutely wet by a patent
condensing process.

Do not trouble to report any in-
attention on the part of waiters.
We have troubles of our own.



The Editors confess that this is a trivial and foolish book, and they will not be offended if you laugh at it.





The LOG OF THE

THE
“GEM” SAFETY
PARACHUTE
IT FLOATS!

Don't Jump from the Water
Wagon Without One!

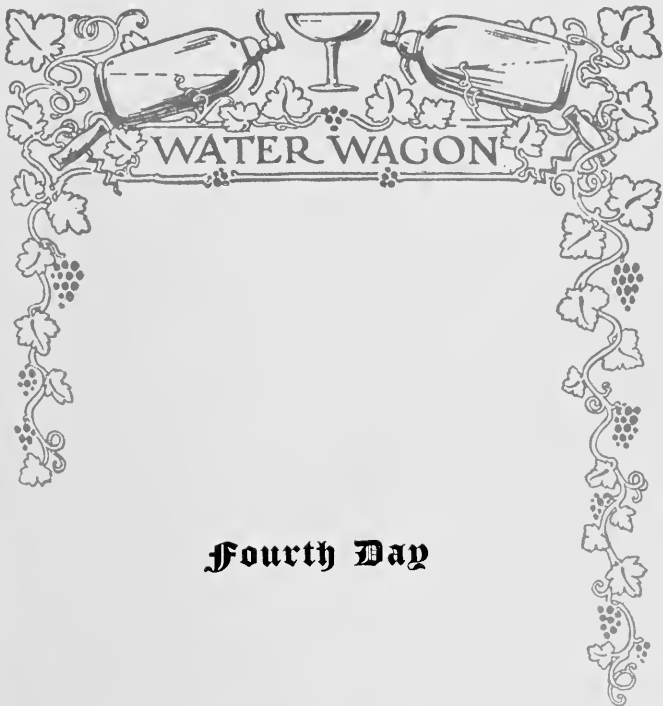
No more jolts. No more broken bones. Opens as promptly as a wine agent, descends like mining stock, and lands you gently on both feet every time. Will carry any kind of a load. Sold by all progressive ship-chandlers.

One Man's Experience

MR. PHILUP BOIES writes us: “I have taken two trips on the Wagon, and found your parachute a complete success. On the first occasion it landed me safely in a brewery, and on the second in a roof-garden. I have recommended the ‘Gem’ to all my friends as a move in the right direction.”

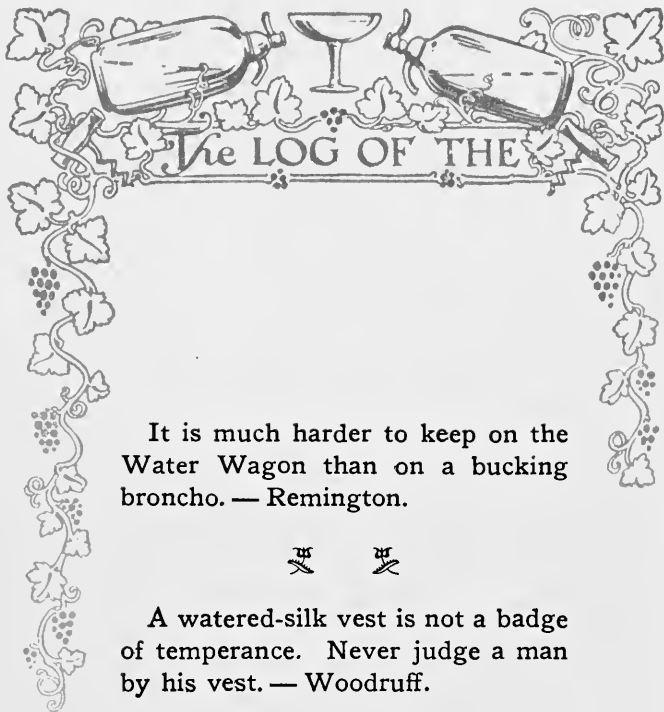
TAKE A DROP AND SEE FOR YOURSELF





Fourth Day

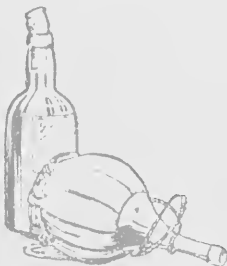




It is much harder to keep on the
Water Wagon than on a bucking
broncho. — Remington.



A watered-silk vest is not a badge
of temperance. Never judge a man
by his vest. — Woodruff.





LOG

Fourth Day

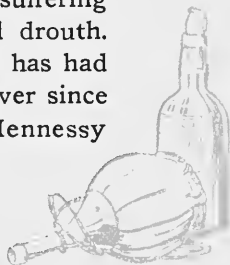
Barometer dry and blistered.
Mercury bubbling.



At roll-call we were shy twenty passengers. The Captain thinks the ones unaccounted for fell overboard during the excitement at Larchmont.



Hennessy Martel, Tom Ginn, and several others are in double irons for cheering the enemy. All the souse-renunciators are suffering tortures from the frightful drouth. Tom Ginn declares that he has had a regular stokehole thirst ever since we left Larchmont, and Hennessy





LOG

Fourth Day

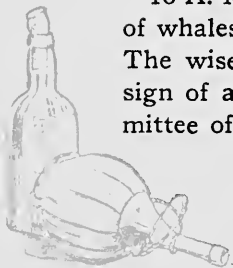
Martel offers to swap his Panhard and fifty shares of unassessable Hot Copper for three fingers of lumber-jack rye.



Poor Turner Van Newleaf was found sitting on the sprinkler trolling for wine-jellyfish and chattering to himself. Doctor Zoolak dry-cupped him and sponged his mouth with Blisterine.



10 A. M. — Sighted a night school of whales galloping after the Lithia. The wise Mate says this is a sure sign of a Jonah on board. A committee of five, headed by the puzzle





LOG

Fourth Day

editor of Golden Days, has been appointed to find the Jonah.



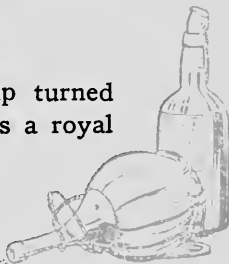
Clark Dearborn, champion half-shot putter of the Chicago Athletic Club, claimed to have seen two swordfish fencing off the weather bow. Doctor Zoolak roped him, threw him, and tied him in thirty seconds, breaking the Montana record.



2 P. M. — Made Delaware Water Gap.



The citizens of the Gap turned out in a body and gave us a royal





LOG

Fourth Day

welcome. The Mayor, in a happy little speech, presented the freedom of the city and the great key to the water-works, both of which we were compelled to decline on account of the serious condition of our passengers.



A chorus of young ladies, carrying a white banneret of watered silk, with the motto "Purity" and a crocheted picture of Moses smiting the rock, raised their sweet young voices in the affecting song:

"Wait for the Wagon,
Wait for the Wagon,
Wait for the Wagon,
And we'll all take a ride."





LOG

Fourth Day

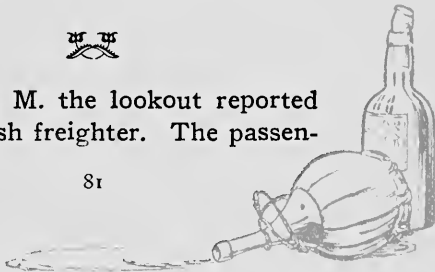
Jack Redwood and Hy Jinks, of the 'Frisco Bohemian Club, cut in with a barber-shop tenor and a sterilized barytone, and were promptly and loudly hissed by the snakes in the trailer.



Hennessy Martel hogged the limelight by offering to loop the Water Gap in a ball-bearing catamaran, without the aid of a net, and the Captain, scenting trouble, side-stepped the Gap and made a quick getaway.



At 5 P. M. the lookout reported a sour mash freighter. The passen-





LOG

Fourth Day

gers are kissing the hem of his cardigan jacket and calling him another Columbus.



Later. — The sour mash freighter turns out to be a root-beer wagon on its way to a Sunday-school excursion. The enraged passengers are now kicking the hem of the lookout's jacket.



The Committee on Jonah reports progress.



At 5.30 P. M. we ran into a dust-





LOG

Fourth Day

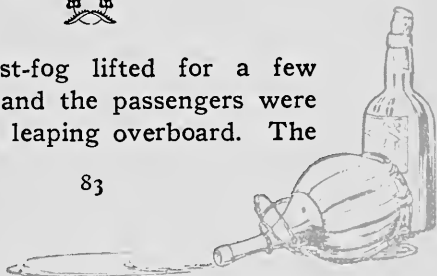
gale, caused by an automobile party brushing their clothes after being chased by a bicycle cop. The air is thick with dust and whisk-brooms, and the Lithia's passengers are lying, gasping, on the cravenette deck. The lookout sends word that he can't see a pair of deuces.



The Captain has ordered the rose-sprinkler turned on and the electric-fans started.



The dust-fog lifted for a few moments, and the passengers were seen to be leaping overboard. The





LOG

Fourth Day

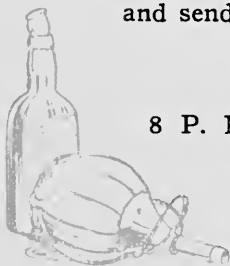
Bos'un performed yoehoman service in rescuing the imperilled and helping the weak ones back on the Wagon. A collection was taken up to purchase him a silver-plated swinging ice-pitcher.

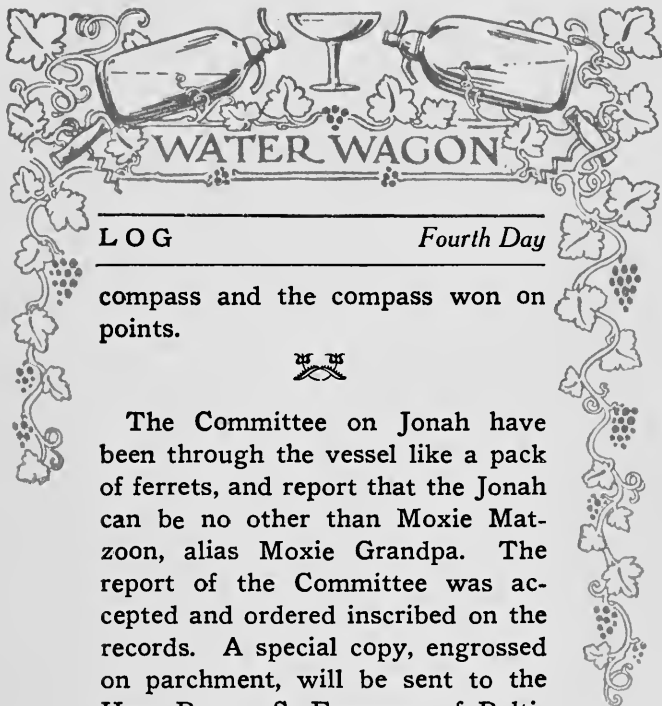


6.45 P. M.—The Mate took soundings, and reported no bottom. The Captain announced that, from the depth of water, we must be nearing Wall Street. The Mate was ordered to ring for a messenger-boy and send him after a pilot.



8 P. M.—The Mate boxed the





WATER WAGON

LOG

Fourth Day

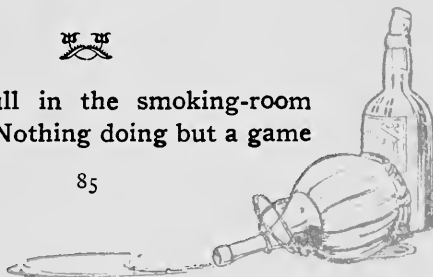
compass and the compass won on points.

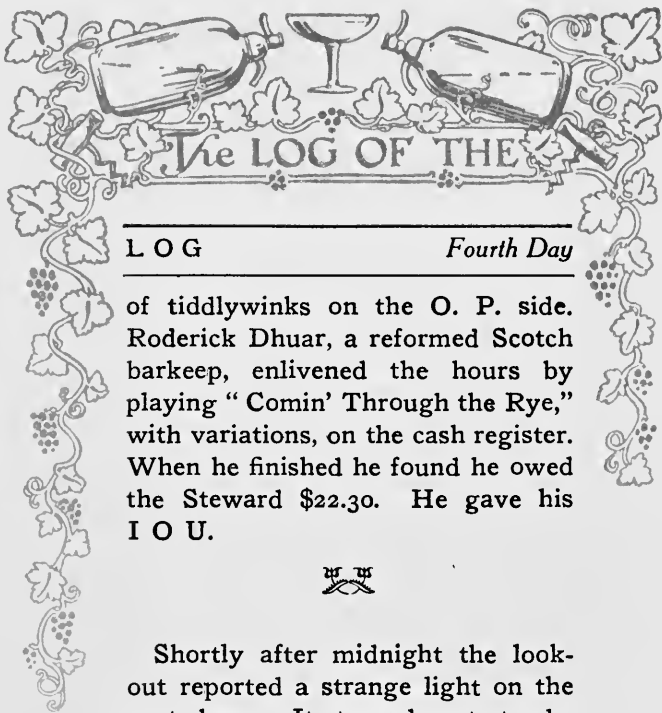


The Committee on Jonah have been through the vessel like a pack of ferrets, and report that the Jonah can be no other than Moxie Matzoon, alias Moxie Grandpa. The report of the Committee was accepted and ordered inscribed on the records. A special copy, engrossed on parchment, will be sent to the Hon. Bromo S. Emerson, of Baltimore.



Very dull in the smoking-room to-night. Nothing doing but a game





L O G

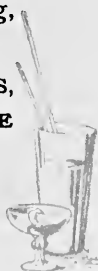
Fourth Day

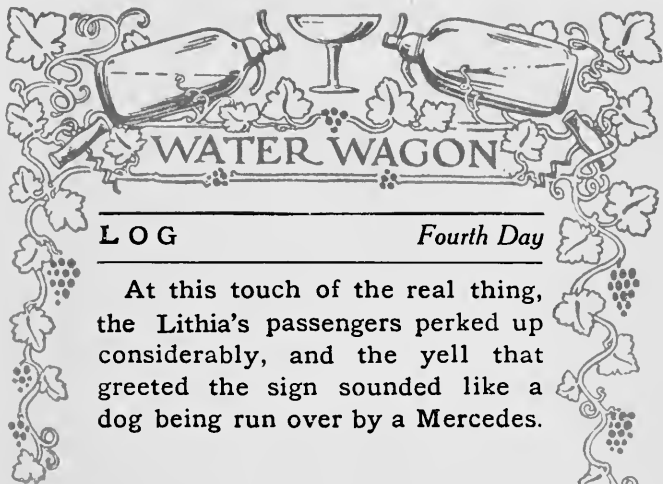
of tiddlywinks on the O. P. side. Roderick Dhuar, a reformed Scotch barkeep, enlivened the hours by playing "Comin' Through the Rye," with variations, on the cash register. When he finished he found he owed the Steward \$22.30. He gave his I O U.



Shortly after midnight the lookout reported a strange light on the port bow. It turned out to be an electric advertisement, reading,

WHEN ALL IN AND SPEECHLESS,
MAKE SIGNS FOR BRICKTOP RYE





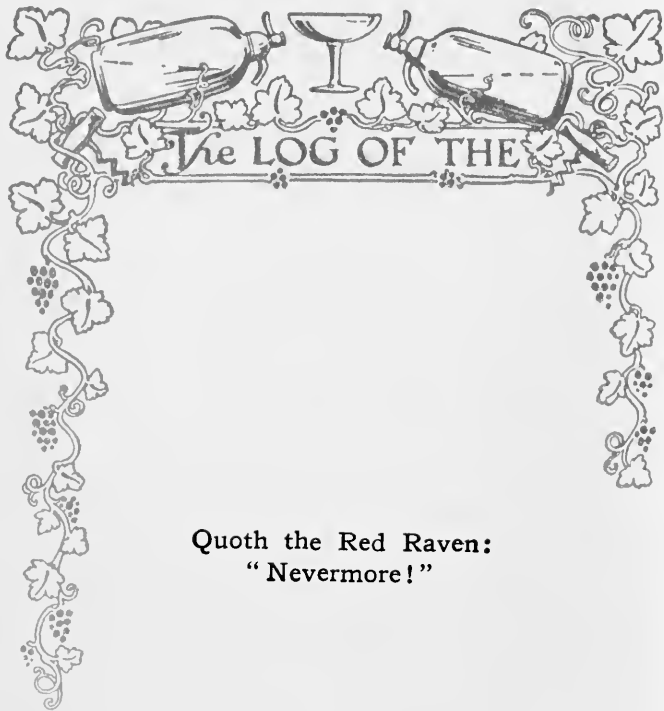
LOG

Fourth Day

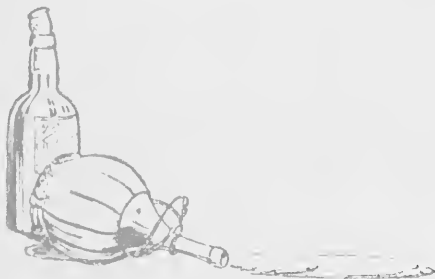
At this touch of the real thing, the Lithia's passengers perked up considerably, and the yell that greeted the sign sounded like a dog being run over by a Mercedes.

Here endeth the fourth day of the cruise.





Quoth the Red Raven:
"Nevermore!"





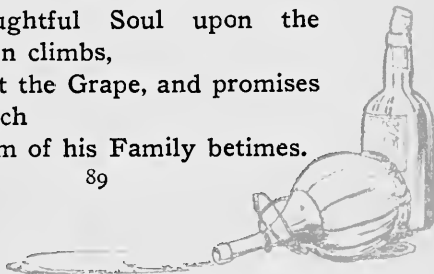
OMAR ON THE WAGON

I.

Before the last hour of the Old Year
died,
Methought a voice without the
Tavern cried:
"Oh, cut it out, Khayyam; there's
nothing in't.
The Water Wagon waits you. Take
a ride!"

II.

So, with the echoes of the New
Year's chimes
The thoughtful Soul upon the
Wagon climbs,
Cuts out the Grape, and promises
to reach
The Bosom of his Family betimes.





III.

At home by six, for Dinner with the
Frau;

Early to bed and rise; a little Cow
And Seltzer when I line up with
the Boys:

That's mine. I'm on the Water
Wagon now.

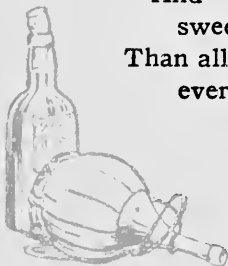
IV.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary
taste

Of Water from the Wagon! — Oh,
make haste

And climb aboard! Aqua is
sweeter far

Than all the Grape Goods that were
ever cased.



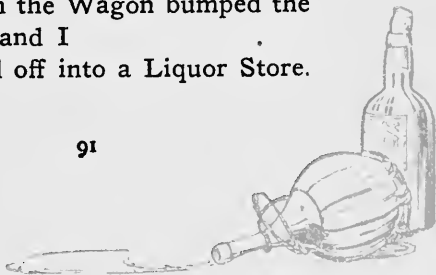


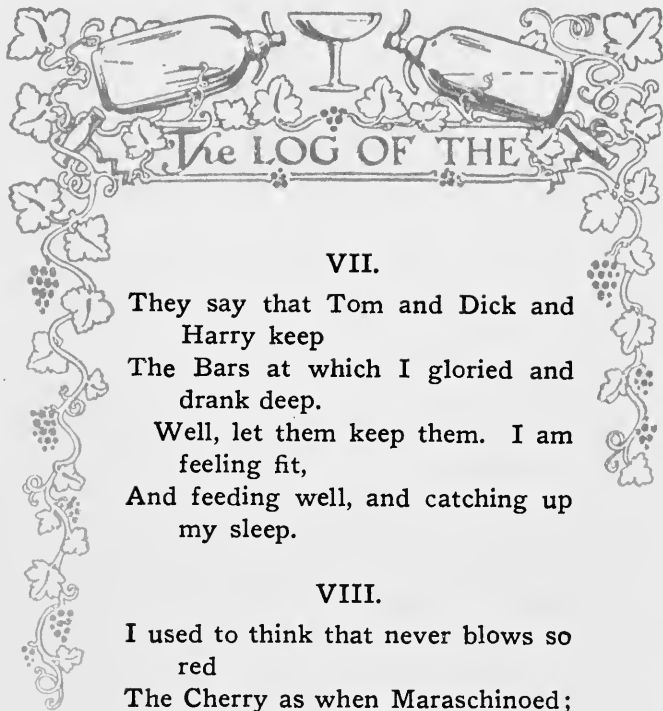
V.

For some we loved, the loveliest and
the best,
Who tried to beat the Game, are
now at rest.
They set 'em back, and set 'em
back, and then
Were gathered to the Kingdom of
the Blest.

VI.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft be-
fore
I swore, and I was honest when I
swore.
And then the Wagon bumped the
Curb, and I
Was jolted off into a Liquor Store.





THE LOG OF THE

VII.

They say that Tom and Dick and
Harry keep

The Bars at which I gloried and
drank deep.

Well, let them keep them. I am
feeling fit,

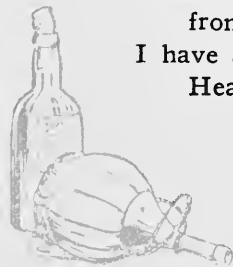
And feeding well, and catching up
my sleep.

VIII.

I used to think that never blows so
red

The Cherry as when Maraschinoed;
And watching Barney fish them
from the Pot

I have acquired, at times, a lovely
Head.





IX.

'And that reviving Herb whose tender Green

Fledges the River-Lip — how oft
I've seen

The Barkeep make a Julep with
its leaves,

The while upon the Bar I'd lightly
lean.

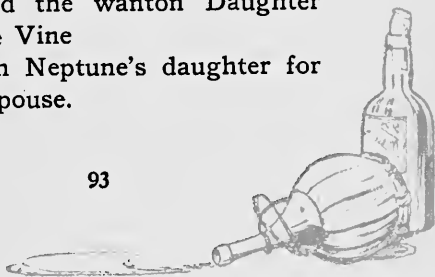
X.

But now, my Friends, I've had my
last Carouse,

And made a Second Marriage in my
house;

Divorced the wanton Daughter
of the Vine

And taken Neptune's daughter for
my Spouse.





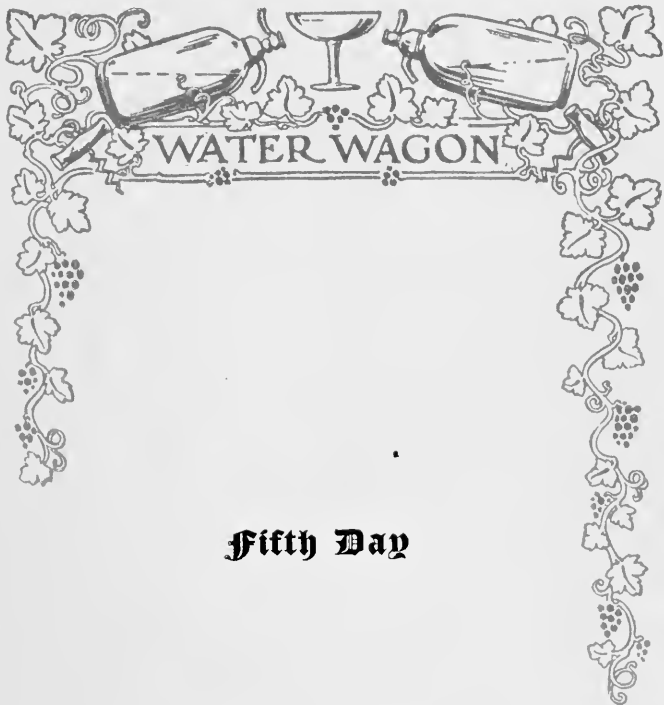
XI.

Yon rising Moon that looks for us
again —
How oft hereafter will she wax and
wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for
us
Through the Roof Gardens — and
for me in vain!

XII.

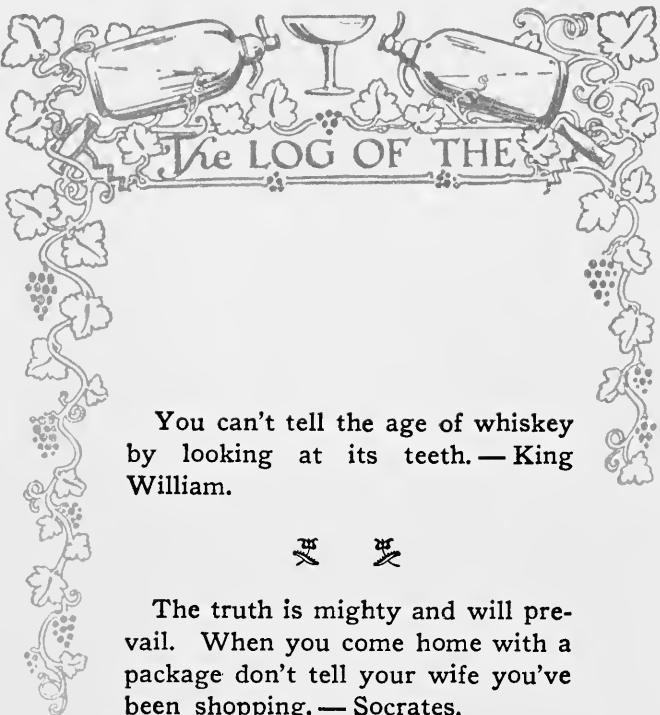
When in your joyous Pilgrimage
you pass
Along the line of Beer and Stout
and Bass
And Rye and Scotch and Fizz, and
reach the place
Where I made One — turn down an
empty Glass.



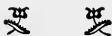


Fifth Day





You can't tell the age of whiskey
by looking at its teeth. — King
William.



The truth is mighty and will pre-
vail. When you come home with a
package don't tell your wife you've
been shopping. — Socrates.





LOG

Fifth Day

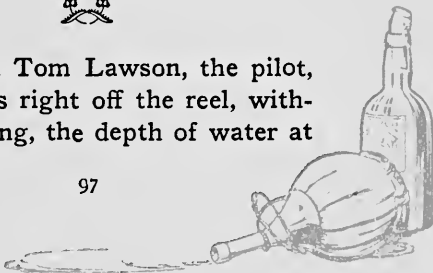
The sun rose half an hour late. Eggley Monade, the ship's wag, suggested that Old Sol's safety-razor must have been out of whack. The Mate belted him with a piece of tarred rope, and Doctor Zoolak with the compass needle took seven stitches.



Shortly before noon we picked up the Stock Exchange light, and the Lithia was slowed down.



Took on Tom Lawson, the pilot, who knows right off the reel, without sounding, the depth of water at





LOG

Fifth Day

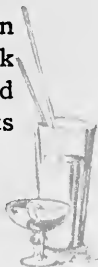
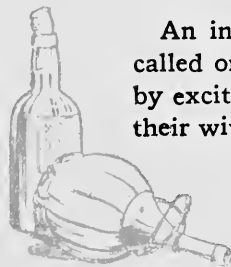
every point in the dangerous channel of Wall Street. Tom brought aboard his magazine-gun, which he mounted at the bow, remarking jovially that he might take a crack at a pirate or two.



Entered the channel, with Trinity cliffs astern. Pilot Lawson is at the wheel, looking very wise. Everybody's watching him.



An indignation meeting has been called on the two-for-a-quarter deck by excited passengers who promised their wives, sweethearts, and parents





WATER WAGON

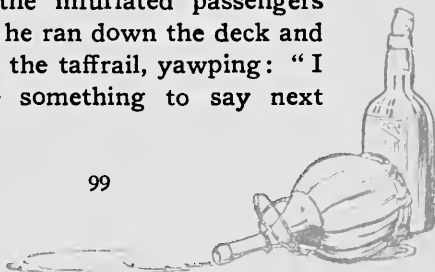
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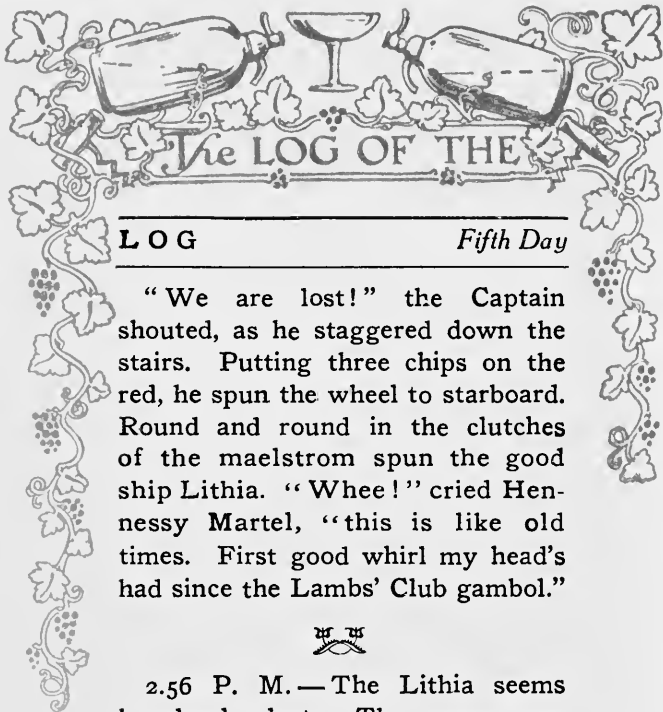
Fifth Day

to keep out of Wall Street. They demand that the vessel be put back. The Pilot remarked, grimly, that it is harder to get out of Wall Street than into it. He advises all hands to hang on and wait for a rise.



A little before 3 P. M. the lookout shouted, "Maelstrom dead ahead!" A panic resulted, and the cry went up that Lawson was a bum pilot. Strong and willing hands tore him from the wheel, and, pursued by the infuriated passengers and crew, he ran down the deck and dove over the taffrail, yawping: "I will have something to say next month!"





LOG

Fifth Day

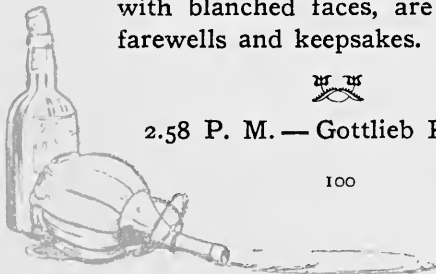
"We are lost!" the Captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs. Putting three chips on the red, he spun the wheel to starboard. Round and round in the clutches of the maelstrom spun the good ship Lithia. "Whee!" cried Hennessy Martel, "this is like old times. First good whirl my head's had since the Lambs' Club gambol."

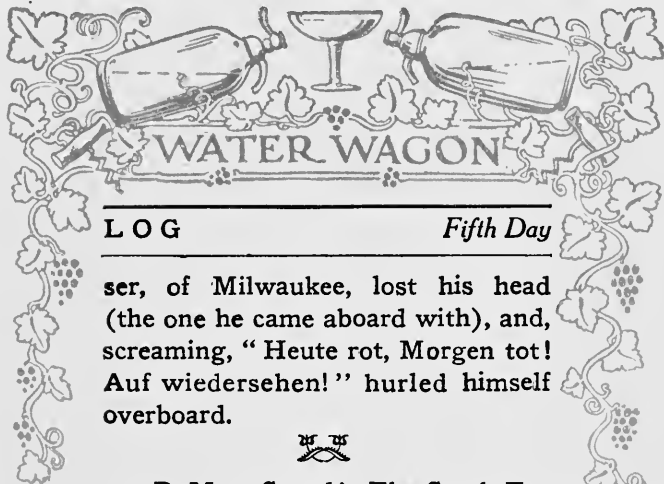


2.56 P. M.—The Lithia seems hopelessly lost. The passengers, with blanched faces, are swapping farewells and keepsakes.



2.58 P. M.—Gottlieb Kirschwas-





LOG

Fifth Day

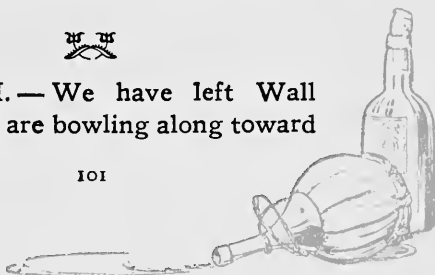
ser, of Milwaukee, lost his head (the one he came aboard with), and, screaming, "Heute rot, Morgen tot! Auf wiedersehen!" hurled himself overboard.



3 P. M. — Saved! The Stock Exchange bell struck three, and the maelstrom knocked off for the day. The Lithia's passengers joyfully returned to one another the keepsakes and farewells, and Kirschwasser was fished out of the drink with a boat-hook and put in the boiler-room to dry.



4 P. M. — We have left Wall Street, and are bowling along toward





The LOG OF THE

LOG

Fifth Day

White Rock Point, and kicking up an awful dust.

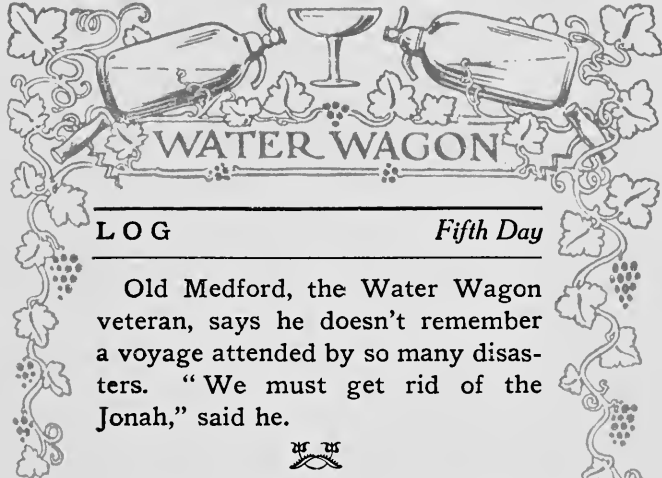


The drouth has become intolerable, and the sufferings of the passengers are increasing hourly. The deck-planks are curling up, and the oakum is oozing from the seams.



The barometer exploded with a loud pop, and Hennessy Martel, wild-eyed, ran up the main hatch, crying, "Is that George Kessler opening wine?" "No such luck," gurgled Tom Ginn, who was spraying his throat with Blisterine.





LOG

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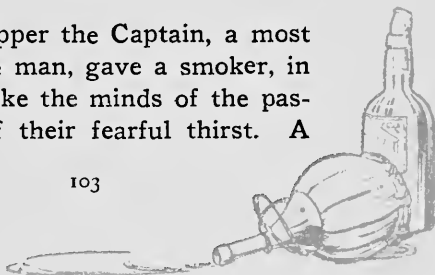
Old Medford, the Water Wagon veteran, says he doesn't remember a voyage attended by so many disasters. "We must get rid of the Jonah," said he.



4.44 P. M. — The Captain made a neat little speech from the bridge, and presented to each passenger a dry-point picture of the good ship Lithia. Most of them were flung overboard.



After supper the Captain, a most considerate man, gave a smoker, in order to take the minds of the passengers off their fearful thirst. A





The LOG OF THE

LOG

Fifth Day

Keith circuit top-liner, who has a whole page and his picture in "Who's Who on the Water Wagon," gave an imitation of an actor refusing a drink. The audience overlooked the screaming absurdity of the plot in their admiration for the artistic performance.



Professor Argus, the mind wizard, offered to read the minds of all the audience at one crack. Challenged to perform this astounding feat, the Professor smiled and said, "You are all thinking that it is almost time for a long cold highball." Crackling shouts of admiration came from



WATER WAGON

LOG

Fifth Day

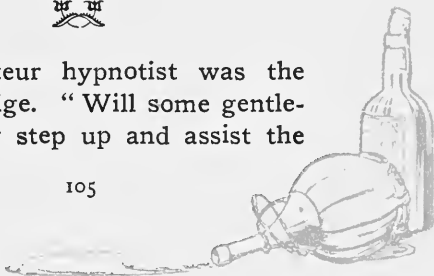
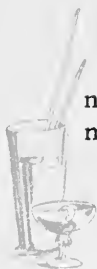
the parched throats of the audience, and the protest, "Fake! Fake! Somebody must have told you!"



Harvey Steele, a floor-walker in a wholesale anchor house, was the next entertainer. He gave a realistic imitation of a crooked barkeep playing on an upright cash register. When he finished the audience declared there was nothing in it.



An amateur hypnotist was the next to oblige. "Will some gentleman kindly step up and assist the

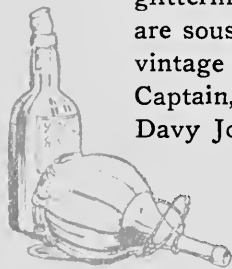




LOG

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Professor in this demonstration?" he requested. Dead silence; nobody made a move. The Professor smiled patiently, and repeated his request; no takers. Finally the Captain, who had drifted in, stepped up, remarking, "Try your stunt on me, Professor." (Deafening applause.) The amateur hypnotist took the Captain in hand and made a few passes at him, and he took the count in six seconds. "Happy man!" cried the Professor, fixing the subject with his glittering eye. "Happy man! you are soused for fair, and are opening vintage wine." "Whee!" said the Captain, bracing himself against Davy Jones's locker. "Frappe two





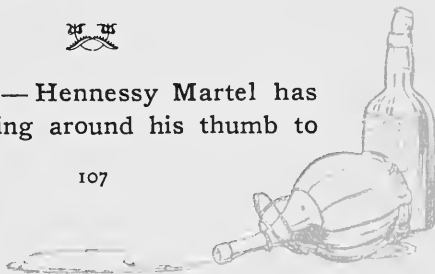
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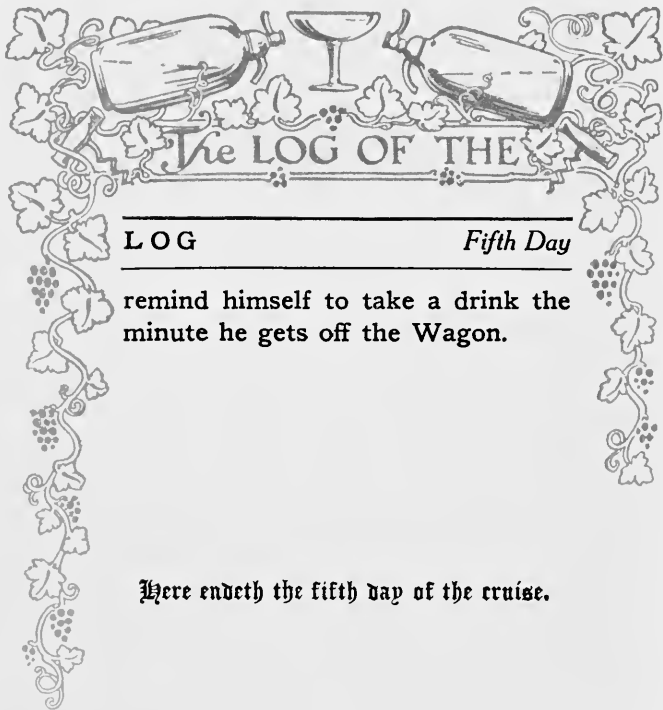
Fifth Day

more quarts! Line up, boys!" (Tumultuous applause, and cries of "Don't wake him up!") But the Professor did wake him up, and the Captain bowed sheepishly and returned to the wheel-house. "Will some other gentleman kindly step up?" asked the Amateur Hypnotist. The scramble that followed made the rush-hour at the Brooklyn Bridge look like a chess tournament. In the jam the Professor's shoulder was dislocated, putting him out of business.



2 A. M.—Hennessy Martel has tied a string around his thumb to





The LOG OF THE

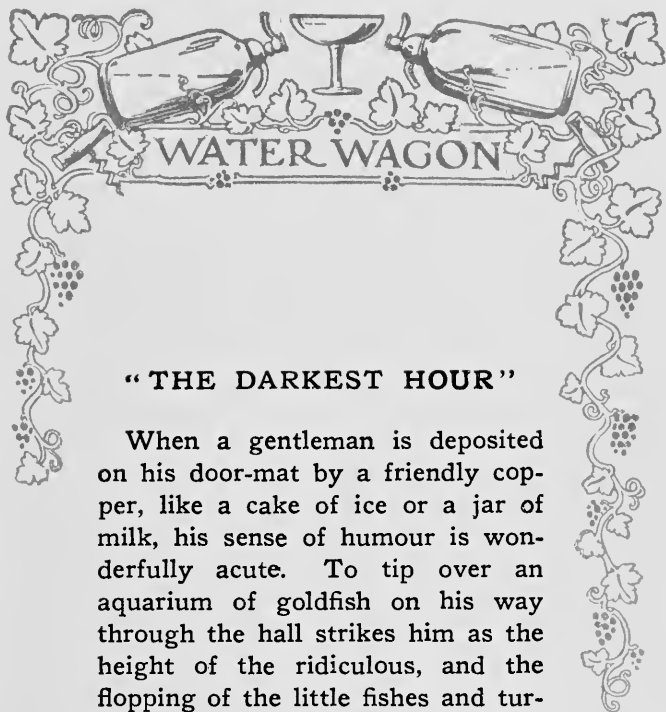
LOG

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remind himself to take a drink the minute he gets off the Wagon.

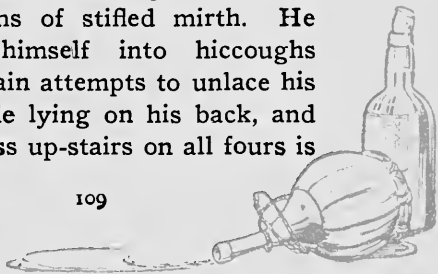
Here endeth the fifth day of the cruise.





“THE DARKEST HOUR”

When a gentleman is deposited on his door-mat by a friendly cop-per, like a cake of ice or a jar of milk, his sense of humour is wonderfully acute. To tip over an aquarium of goldfish on his way through the hall strikes him as the height of the ridiculous, and the flopping of the little fishes and turtles on the Persian rug throws him into spasms of stifled mirth. He chuckles himself into hiccoughs over his vain attempts to unlace his shoes while lying on his back, and his progress up-stairs on all fours is

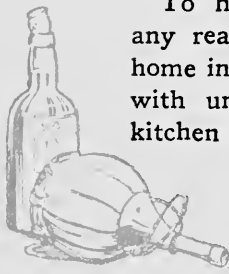


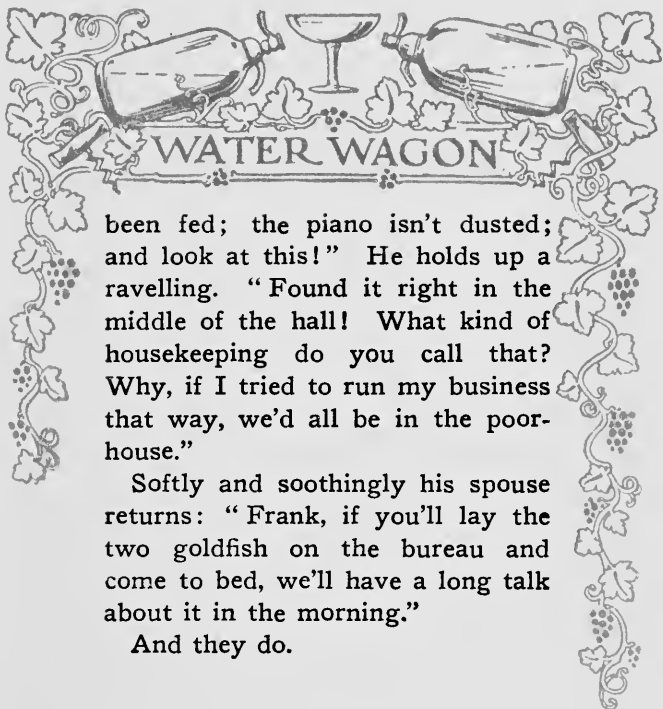


accompanied by joyous giggles. When he loses his equilibrium and rolls back down-stairs, he sits up and says: "God pity the men at sea on a night like this!"

He is now serious. He turns on all the electric lights and remarks, censoriously: "Here it is broad daylight, the front stoop unswept, and not a soul in the house up." In this spirit of criticism he ascends to his wife's room, and, as she raises her head from the pillow for one comprehensive glance, he says, sternly: "Things are going from bad to worse in this house."

To her icy rejoinder, "Is that any reason why you should come home in this condition?" he replies, with unruffled importance: "The kitchen fire is out; the canary hasn't



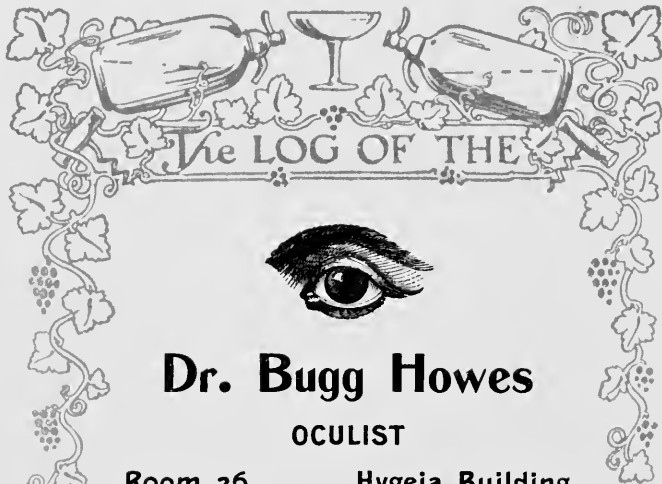


been fed; the piano isn't dusted; and look at this!" He holds up a ravelling. "Found it right in the middle of the hall! What kind of housekeeping do you call that? Why, if I tried to run my business that way, we'd all be in the poor-house."

Softly and soothingly his spouse returns: "Frank, if you'll lay the two goldfish on the bureau and come to bed, we'll have a long talk about it in the morning."

And they do.





The LOG OF THE



Dr. Bugg Howes

OCULIST

Room 26, Hygeia Building

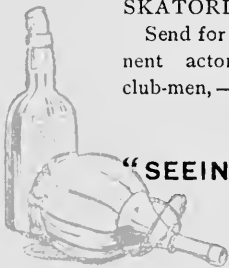
If you see things, I can help you!

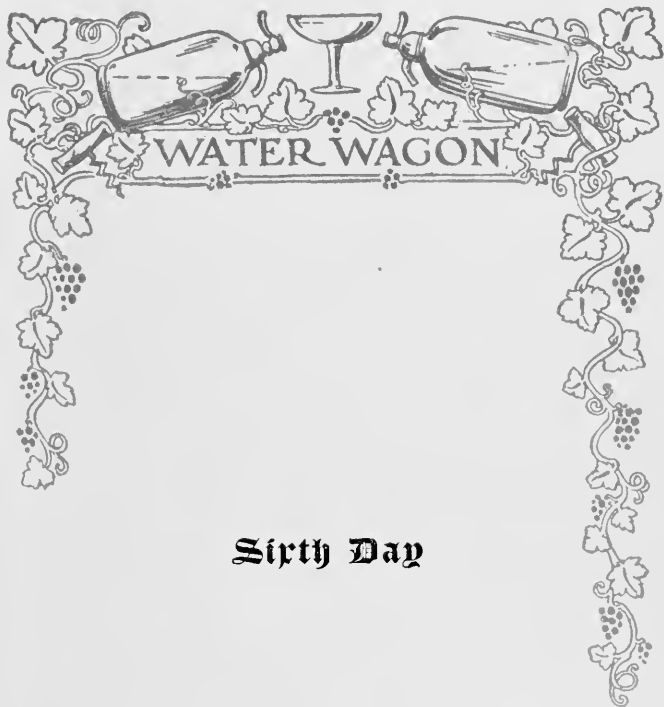
One bottle of my celebrated **BUGGINE** will clear the sight of all imaginary objects. Menageries removed by my painless process.

If you see objects double, an application of **SKATORIA OINTMENT** will put you right.

Send for booklet of testimonials from prominent actors, Congressmen, journalists, and club-men, — printed by special permission.

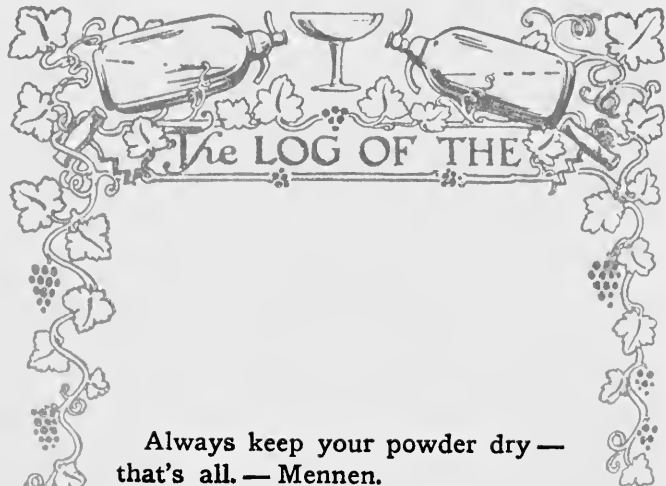
"SEEING IS NOT BELIEVING!"



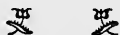


Sixth Day



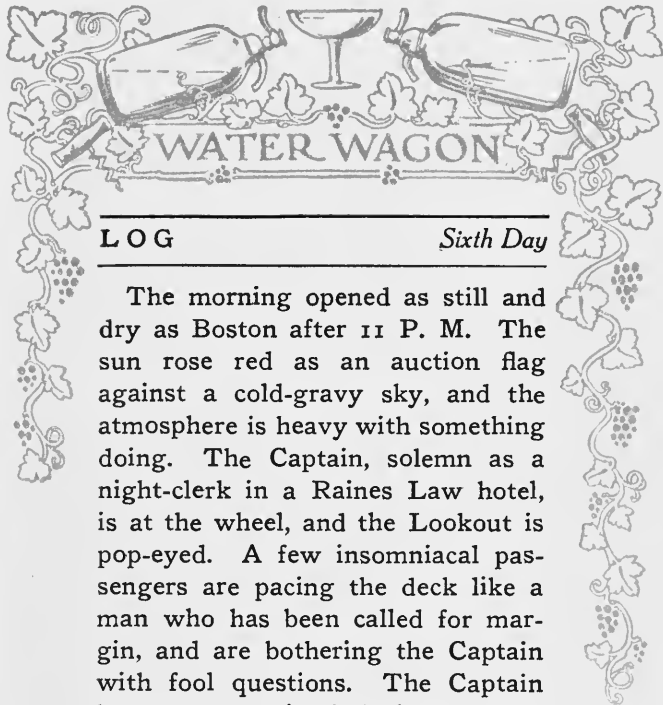


Always keep your powder dry —
that's all. — Mennen.



Beware of the man who picks
things off your coat lapel while con-
versing with you. He never buys.
— Fra Elbertus.





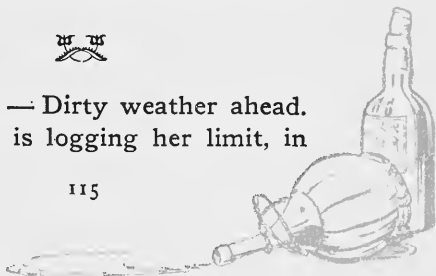
LOG

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The morning opened as still and dry as Boston after 11 P. M. The sun rose red as an auction flag against a cold-gravy sky, and the atmosphere is heavy with something doing. The Captain, solemn as a night-clerk in a Raines Law hotel, is at the wheel, and the Lookout is pop-eyed. A few insomniacal passengers are pacing the deck like a man who has been called for margin, and are bothering the Captain with fool questions. The Captain has put on a pair of plush ear-muffs.



11 A. M. — Dirty weather ahead.
The Lithia is logging her limit, in





LOG

Sixth Day

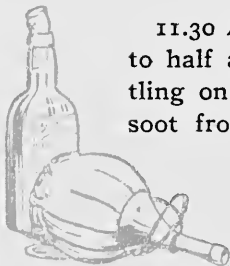
an effort to weather White Rock Point before the storm breaks.



11.20 A. M. — The Lookout reports a siphon-shaped cloud off the weather bow. The air is laden with dust, and is coming in dry hot puffs. Tom Ginn thinks we are running into another automobile party, but Old Medford says we are up against worse than that.



11.30 A. M. — The wind has risen to half a gale, and the dust is settling on the Lithia's decks like the soot from a smoking nickel-plated





L O G

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banquet-lamp. Most of the passengers have turned out, prepared for anything.



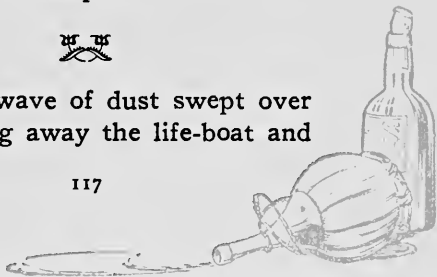
Gottlieb Kirschwasser has just made his will, bequeathing his collection of dried butterflies and a set of Schiller's works to the Milwaukee Gemuthlich Society.



11.45 A. M. — The pink rats are deserting the ship.



A tidal wave of dust swept over us, carrying away the life-boat and





LOG

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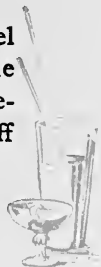
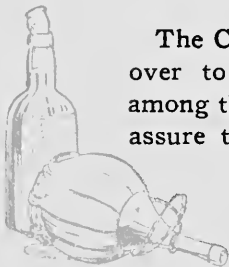
Kirschwasser's meerschaum pipe with a galloping horse carved on it. Kirschwasser says he won it at a pinochle tournament in Munich, and is crazed by the loss. Nobody else seems to caradam.



The Steward has distributed auto goggles, but the passengers are still unable to see three fingers before their faces.



The Captain has turned the wheel over to the Mate, and has gone among the passengers, striving to reassure them. It seems we are off





LOG

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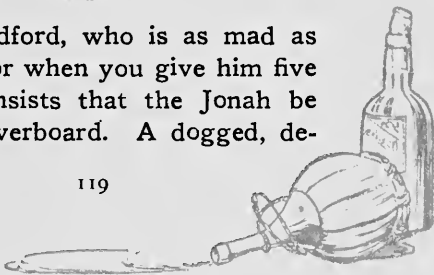
the Axminster Carpet Cleaning Works, beside which Cape Hatteras is a goldfish aquarium.



The sufferings of the passengers baffle description. Everybody feels that this is his last trip on the Wagon. Hennessy Martel has tied another string around his thumb, to remind himself to make it two drinks when he gets off.



Old Medford, who is as mad as a conductor when you give him five pennies, insists that the Jonah be dumped overboard. A dogged, de-





LOG

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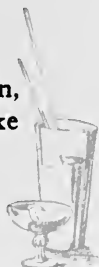
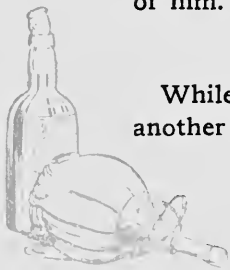
terminated committee has gone below to yank out Moxie Grandpa, who, as old Medford says, is an interloper, anyway, and has no more business on the Water Wagon than a trousers stretcher in a young ladies' seminary.



Later. — Old Matzoon has been dragged up from the hold, kicking and clawing, and the passengers are balloting on the proper disposition of him.



While the ballot was being taken, another tidal wave of dust broke





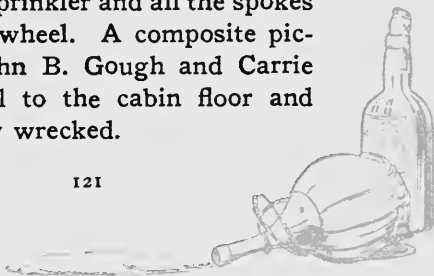
LOG

Sixth Day

over the hapless Lithia, and the enraged passengers and crew cried in chorus, "Over with the Jonah!" The wretched Moxie fiend was there-upon flung into the trailer, despite the protests of the magenta elephant and the Scotch-plaid guinea-pig.



At 1.20 P. M. the Lithia grounded with a fearful crash, and the billows of dust that broke over her carried away the sprinkler and all the spokes in the aft wheel. A composite picture of John B. Gough and Carrie Nation fell to the cabin floor and was totally wrecked.





LOG

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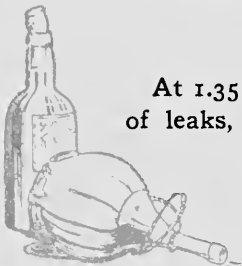
Buried in dust from deck to trucks, the Lithia lay on her side, pounding like a farmer at Coney Island on a "Try Your Strength" machine. The good old Wagon was doomed. Nothing could hold in such a simoom.



The Captain shouted down-wind, "Cut away the trailer!" The ship's Carpenter, with hammer and cold-chisel, severed the tow-line, and the menagerie vanished in the dust.



At 1.35 the Lithia sprung a bunch of leaks, and every drop of water





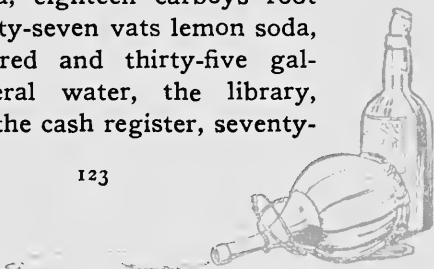
LOG

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ran out of her. We are now high and horribly dry. Hennessy Martel has tied still another string around his thumb, to remind himself to make it three drinks when he gets off. His hand is beginning to look like a hammock.



At 1.50 P. M. orders were given to lighten ship. We threw over ten bales of temperance pledges, fifty cases malted milk, thirty-two cases sarsaparilla, eighteen carboys root beer, twenty-seven vats lemon soda, two hundred and thirty-five gallons mineral water, the library, the band, the cash register, seventy-





LOG

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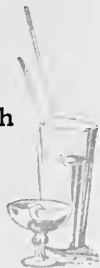
five bundles of blue ribbons, the water-cooler and three tons of cracked ice, the pianola, Gottlieb Kirschwasser, and Doctor Zoolak. The Lithia righted, and it looks as if the gallant craft will ride it out. Cheers are rattling from the warped throats of passengers and crew.



2 P. M. — We are lost! A fresh consignment of boarding-house carpets has just been thrown under the slapsticks at the Cleaning Works. This is the limit of dirty weather.



Hurrah! A St. Bernard dog with





LOG

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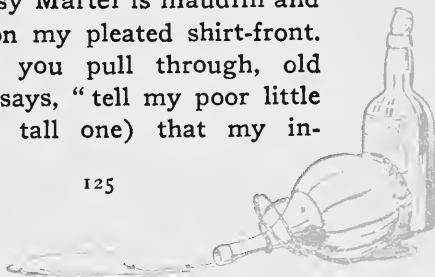
a little brown jug tied to his neck is battling his way toward the doomed Water Wagon. Good old Nero!



The St. Bernard has leaped aboard. Merciful heavens! the jug contains arnica! We have torn off Nero's license tag and chucked him overboard.



Hennessy Martel is maudlin and weeping on my pleated shirt-front. "In case you pull through, old man," he says, "tell my poor little wife (the tall one) that my in-





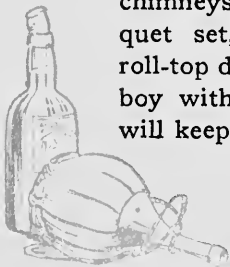
LOG

Sixth Day

surance policy is in the kitchen clock with the milk tickets."



2.20 P. M. — We have launched the life-raft, and stocked it hastily with the following supplies: One case Jack Spratt's assorted dog biscuits, two dozen golf balls, a crate of sponges, two telephone books, one "Little Giant" gas-stove, one "Little Gem" safety lawn-mower, six dozen Lady Macbeth lamp-chimneys, one Prospect Park croquet set, four wheelbarrows, one roll-top desk, and one Colonial high-boy with glass knobs. This outfit will keep us going for a few days.





LOG

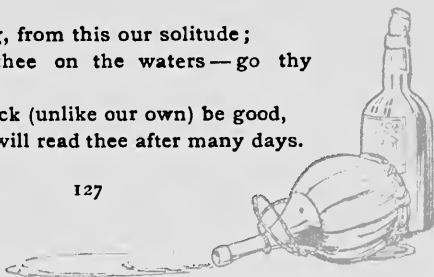
Sixth Day

At 2.30 P. M. we cut away the life-raft and pushed off, and we are now pitching and tossing on the dusty billows. Heaven only knows how much longer our sufferings will be prolonged.



I am parched and weary, and my pencil is worn to the quick. Ho, Steward, fetch me a milk-bottle with a patent stopper! I must commit these writings to the restless sea.

Go, little Log, from this our solitude ;
We cast thee on the waters—go thy
ways.
And if thy luck (unlike our own) be good,
Some one will read thee after many days.





LOG

Sixth Day

So here endeth the Log of the Water
Wagon, as hammered into Eng-
lish by the Authors on Watt'ell
paper; the illustrations by
Saint Louis, and the whole
done into a book by the
H. M. Caldwell Co., at
Boston, which is near
Bunker Hill, in the
State of Massa-
chusetts, in the
year One
Thousand
Nine
Hun-
dred
and
Five

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